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FOR THE RURAL MAGAZINE.

THE DESULTORY REMARKER.

No. IV.

Spring, that delightful visiter, to whom beauty and melody, Zephyrus and Flora, pay their opulent but willing tribute, has once more arrived. Let us welcome the enchanting stranger with joyful hearts, and let feelings of gratitude ascend to the bountiful source of all our enjoyments. Nature is now

All beauty to the eye, and all music to the ear.

It is said by an eminent historian, in his memoirs of his own life, that the disposition to "see the favourable rather than the unfavourable side of things, is a turn of mind which it is more happy to possess, than to be born to an estate of ten thousand a year." Such a temper is not only a prolific source of complacency to the individual who cherishes it, but by all who move within the circle of its influence, its amiable and excellent effect is felt and acknowledged. What a fortunate circumstance would it be for the luckless wight, denominated by that pure and fascinating writer Dr. GOLDSMITH, a *Magaziner*, as well as for his correspondents, should none but critics, under the influence of this temper, undertake to adjust

their humble claims to merit. They are frequently selected, by those who have not even read what they undertake to condemn, as the objects of illiberal and unmeaning censure. The right to criticise, is unquestionably perfectly valid; but, like other rights, it is liable to abuse. By accustoming himself to indulge a querulous, fault-finding propensity, on all occasions, even the most distinguished orator may descend from the high station claimed for him by his friends, to that of an inconsistent, petulant declaimer. And notwithstanding the alternate epigrammatic point of his wit, and the brilliant coruscations of his fancy, his speeches may at length scarcely be heard with patience.

Courteous reader! if thou desirest to make the most of human life, and to realize its positive blessings which are placed within thy reach, listen to the counsels of experience, and pursue an opposite course of conduct. Sedulously avoid the indulgence of a splenetic humour, consult thy own gratification, and the happiness of those by whom thou art surrounded, in contemplating

The gayest, happiest attitude of things.

If thou art now scanning our present number, with no other object

than to detect errors and expose omissions; if thou art pre-determined to censure, be pleased to defer a further examination, until thou art more disposed to view the "*favourable side of things*:" when this is the case, the editors will be delighted to pay the most respectful attention to any judicious suggestions, promotive of improvement, either in the plan or conduct of this Miscellany.

If thou art placed in the truly responsible situation of head of a family, thy children and domestics, if thy department convey to them the beautiful moral lesson, afforded by a uniform contemplation of the "*favourable side of things*," will derive from it the most substantial advantages. Domestic happiness is of such an exquisite and sensitive organization, that it cannot endure, no not for a moment, the scowling visage of harshness or discord.


In the ordinary daily intercourse of life, nothing conduces more to smooth the rugged path of existence, than urbanity and mutual indulgence. We are so constituted, that the influence of our conduct, whether exemplary or otherwise, is powerful on that of those with whom we associate. It should, therefore, be our object to cultivate the habit of viewing, on all occasions, the most "*favourable side of things*."

Opinion is so much the child of education, of association, and of other adventitious causes, that it is next to impossible to find two individuals, whose sentiments on all subjects are perfectly coincident. In politics, and on a subject which is infinitely more important, religion itself, different sentiments as to minor points are no

doubt *honestly* entertained. Let us, therefore, avoid impugning the motives of those from whom we differ, particularly where no conclusive evidence appears as to the absence of integrity of intention, with an eye of charity. Let us in this instance, also, contemplate the most "*favourable side of things*."

When overtaken by adverse circumstances, we are too prone, without hesitation, to assume the privilege of complaint, and to infer that we are indeed peculiarly unfortunate. But how frequently have incidents of this character been subsequently ascertained to be blessings, although disguised in the most repulsive form.—When they occur, instead of being overwhelmed with despondency, it is wise to dwell on the more "*favourable side of things*."

When public measures receive the sanction of the civil government, which are deemed destructive to the best interests of the nation, and in utter hostility to every principle of morality and religion,—disheartening as the fact may be, this consolation still remains to the humble and sincere believer in the superintendence of an overruling Providence, that truth and virtue will eventually be signally triumphant. This cheering conviction, where there is a consciousness of duty faithfully performed, will gild with radiance the most gloomy prospect. The present is emphatically the season of genial feelings, and nothing imparts a livelier relish for its beauties, than that amiable temper of mind which on all occasions delights to dwell on the most "*favourable side of things*."



FOR THE RURAL MAGAZINE.

THE VILLAGE TEACHER.

The three great periods of life have each their natural and appropriate characteristic. The eager expectation, the buoyant hope and elastic energy, which lend their own joyous brilliancy to every object around them, and build in the unknown future so fair and beautiful a fabric of happiness, last not beyond the period of youth. The anxious brow, the cold and untrusting prudence, which succeed, but too surely indicate how many of our fairy visions have become dim in the reality; while the steady industry and calculating foresight with which manhood pursues more practical and perhaps grovelling objects, stamp upon it a peculiar character of strength, and seriousness, and sternness. As this relaxes in the course of years, our ability and inclination for active pursuits give way; and as the termination of our journey is approached, the hope of future distinction ceases, and we naturally fill up the void which is thus left in the mind, by a retrospect of our past actions.—Thus it is that the seasons of life, like those of the year, are each most beautiful in its own proper adornings, and that there is none more delightful or endearing than reverend age. The long experience which has tried the worthlessness of so many empty and vanishing hopes, and which can pronounce with certainty respecting that which remaineth; the knowledge of those past events, that form the link as it were between us and history, and which not only aids us in deciphering the past, but is endued with a pro-

phetic gift; the attempered zeal, the tranquil repose of the passions, so finely and happily compared to the decline of day—impart their pure and elevated feelings to the mind of the beholder.

It is in such society that youth may best learn to prune the luxuriance of its hopes, and manhood to elevate its views beyond the narrow scene of action where they now expatiate. It is in age that the noble instinct of immortality is most conspicuous, that we feel most surely that the horizon of this life cannot bound our mental vision. The consolations of youth and manhood may have no higher source than in surrounding objects—in love, or friendship, or ambition; but age is dead to these impulses, and must be reanimated and warmed by the influences of the life which is to come.

Such an old age is that of my friend *Parmenio*. He has survived nearly all the companions of his childhood, and seen successive generations swept away before him. After a life of useful and honourable enterprise, he has retired to end his days in our little hamlet amidst the scenes of his earliest youth. He has dandled on his knee the fathers of many who now look up to him for counsel and friendship, yet is there no supercilious air of dignity or reserve about him. His placid eye bespeaks the serenity of his soul, and the hope which abideth there; and though you see in his sprightliness and activity the energy of his earlier life, it is most happily blended with the meekness and tranquillity of age. He wears away his remaining years in the social converse

of his children and their friends, and looks forward to his close without fear or anxiety.

I often meet him in my solitary evening walks, and we usually finish them together. We were loitering one evening on the brow of the hill which overlooks the course of a beautiful stream that flows at a small distance from the village, and marking the glories of an autumnal sunset.—“The sands,” said he, “are fast ebbing in my glass, and I feel that my allotted days are but few. I have past a life of bustling activity, and seen a thousand forms of hope and happiness rise and vanish before me. They have all vanished—all, but that which is centered in heaven. I am not a votary of that vain philosophy which would pronounce all things to be vanity; yet could my voice be heard by the myriads of human beings who are wasting the sinews of life in the pursuit of wealth and power, I would warn them, from my own experience, that happiness is not in these things. Were I to guide the course of a young person, I would bid him extend this view, from the first, beyond the horizon of this world. I would tell him of the utter emptiness of all human distinctions. I would bid him pursue his avocations as a means only of health and support, and of invigorating his mind. I would turn his feet from the paths of fame and wealth, to those of retirement and privacy, and would there feed his soul with immortal contemplations. Thus would I fit him to ennoble his youth, to preserve his manhood unspotted, and to enjoy his age. How many events are there in the course of my own life, which I

would now give the world to have prevented—duties undone, labour misapplied, talents wasted, feelings perverted; and all from sharing in the delusions to which the world around me is a victim. In how many events which I once thought were accidents or misfortunes, do I now trace an invisible hand, guiding me against my will, and pointing to that path of unostentatious virtue which HE delights to bless. These things, however, cannot be recalled; and as yonder sun, after a cold and cloudy career, is setting at last in serene and tranquil beauty, and throwing his own glorious hues upon the clouds which darkened his mid-day splendour; so do I feel that my latter days are peaceful, and that the lights of experience and wisdom, though late, are yet illuminating my past errors, and enabling me to point them out as beacons and waymarks to those that surround me.”

Extract of a Letter from William Coxe, Esq. on the Cultivation of the Sugar Maple.

BURLINGTON, March 7th, 1820.

DEAR SIR—I understand that you have been directing your attention to the Sugar Maple, in the belief that it will be found an advantageous substitute for the several varieties of poplars, as a useful as well as ornamental tree; and that you are desirous of obtaining any information respecting its culture, or properties, that I may be able to communicate.

I have for some time been convinced that none of the poplars would prove a beneficial kind of timber to

our farmers, from their disposition to extend their roots, and propagate suckers at a great distance, and from the offensive cotton which is produced by the Athenian and Georgia varieties—and I have made many experiments in the hope of discovering a tree, valuable for its timber, and clean and ornamental in its foliage, which could be propagated by seedlings. Among others, I planted the Sugar Maple, and am happy to find it one of the hardiest and handsomest trees, even on the light sandy soil around my house; capable of withstanding the severity of the drought of the last and preceding summers, the most intense that are recollected in our country. Of eighteen trees I lost but two, while the native chesnuts, raised from the nut, all perished; and little better success was experienced in a variety of trees planted on the same ground, such as the pine, sycamore, larch, spruce, &c. The American elm is thought to be a hardy tree, but with me it proved less so than the sugar maple. It is generally believed that all the varieties of the maple require a damp soil: this is the case with several of them, but the *acer saccharum* flourishes in a loamy wheat soil, in many districts of our western and northern country. The facility by which it may be propagated from the seed, renders its diffusion through our country, to any extent, very easy and cheap.

Few of our native trees are more useful for fuel, and the manufacture of potash; and as the means of affording a great and almost inexhaustible supply of sugar, it becomes an object of great importance, even to the far-

mer, who is desirous of transmitting a valuable inheritance to his children. It is my intention to plant this tree in the place of a line of the Athenian poplars, which I have been obliged to cut down after eight years luxuriant growth, from their injurious effect on the adjoining fields, by the extension of their roots to sixty and seventy feet, throwing up a little forest of suckers.

Treatise on Agriculture.

SECT. III.

Theory of Vegetation.

3d. Of air, and its agency in vegetation:

A seed deprived of air will not germinate; and a plant placed under an exhausted receiver, will soon perish. Even in a close and badly ventilated garden, vegetables indicate their situation; they are sickly in appearance, and vapid in taste.—These facts sufficiently shew the general utility of air to vegetation: but this *air* is not now the simple and elementary body, that the ancient chymist described it to be. Priestly first,* and Lavoisier after him, analyzed it, and found, that when pure, it consisted of about 70 parts of azote, 27 of oxygen, and 2 of carbonic acid. In its ordinary (or impure) state, it is loaded with foreign and light bodies; such as mineral, animal and vegetable vapours, the seeds of plants, and the eggs of insects, &c. Is it to this *aggregate*, that vegetation owes the services rendered to it by air? And if not, to *how many*, and to *which*, of its regular constituents, are we to ascribe them? This inquiry will form the subject of the present article.

All vegetables in a state of decom-

* See Priestly's Experiments and Observations on different kinds of Air, begun in 1767.

position, give *azote*; and some of them (cabbages, radishes, &c.) give it in great quantity. This abundance, combined with the fact, that vegetation is always vigorous in the neighbourhood of dead animal matter, led to the opinion, that *azote* contributed largely to the growth of plants: but experiments, more exactly made and often repeated, disprove this opinion, and shew that in any quantity it is unnecessary, and that in a certain proportion it is fatal to vegetation.

In *hydrogen gas*, plants are found to be variously affected, according to their local situation; if inhabitants of mountains, they soon perish—if of plains, they shew a constant debility—but if of marshy grounds, their growth is not impeded.

Carbonic acid is formed and given out during the process of fermentation, putrefaction, respiration, &c. and makes 28 parts out of 100 of atmospheric air. It is composed (according to Davy) of oxygen and carbon, in the proportion of 34 of the former to 13 of the latter. It combines freely with many different bodies; animals and vegetables are almost entirely composed of it; for the *coal* which they give, on combustion, is but *carbon* united to a little oxygen, &c.—Priestly was the first to discover, that plants *absorbed carbonic acid*; and Ingenhouse, Sennebier, and De Saussure have proved, that it is their *principal aliment*. Indeed the great consumption made of it, cannot be explained by any natural process, excepting that of vegetation. On this head, we cannot do better than digest the experiments of these chymists into a few distinct propositions:*

1. In pure carbonic acid gas, seeds will swell, but not germinate. 2. United with water, this gas hastens vegetation. 3. Air containing more than one twelfth part of its volume of carbonic acid, is most favourable to

vegetation. 4. Turf, or other carbonaceous earth, which contains much carbonic acid, is unfavourable to vegetation until it has been exposed to the action of atmospheric air, or of lime, &c. 5. If slacked lime be applied to a plant, its growth will be impaired, until the lime shall have recovered the carbonic acid it lost by calcination. 6. Plants kept in an artificial atmosphere, and charged with carbonic acid, yield, on combustion, more of that acid than plants of the same kind and weight growing in atmospheric air. 7. When plants are exposed to air and sunshine, the carbonic acid of the atmosphere is consumed, and a portion of oxygen left in its place. If new supplies of carbonic acid be given to the air, the same result follows; whence it has been concluded, that air furnishes carbonic acid to the plant, and the plant furnishes oxygen to the air.—This double function of absorption and respiration, is performed by the green leaves of plants.* 8. Carbon is to vegetation, what oxygen is to animal life; it gives support by purifying the liquids, and rendering the solids more compact.

4th. Of *light, heat, and electricity*, and their agency in vegetation:

When deprived of light, plants are pale, lax and dropsical; restored to it, they recover their colour, consistency and odour. If a plant be placed in a cellar, into which is admitted a small portion of light through a window or cranny, thither the plant directs its growth, and even acquires an unnatural length in its attempt to reach it.† These facts admitted, no one can doubt the agency of light in vegetation; but in relation to this agency, various opinions exist; one, that light enters vegetable matter, and combines with it; another, that it makes no part either of the vegetable or of

* Recherches chimiques sur la végétation, chap. ii.

* This was a discovery of Sennebier.

† It is by a knowledge of this fact, that gardeners bleach chicony and cellery, &c.

its aliment, but directly influences substances which are alimentary;* and a third, that besides the last effect, it stimulates the organs of plants to the exercise of their natural functions.†

Without doing more than state these opinions, we proceed to offer the results of many experiments on this subject. 1st. That *in the dark*, no oxygen is produced, nor any carbonic acid absorbed; on the contrary, oxygen is absorbed and carbonic acid produced. 2d. That plants exposed to *light*, produce oxygen gas in water. 3d. That *light* is essential to vegetable transpiration; as this process never takes place during the *night*, but is copious during the *day*; and, 4th. That plants raised *in the dark*, abound in watery and saccharine juices—but are deficient in woody fibre, oil, and resins; whence it is concluded, that saccharine compounds are formed in the *night*, and oil, resins, &c. in the *day*.

When the weather is at or below the freezing point, the sap of plants remains suspended and hardened in the albumum;‡ but on the application of *heat*, whether naturally or artificially excited, this sap is rendered fluid, is put into motion, and the buds begin to swell. Under the same impulse, through the medium of the earth, the roots open their pores, receive nutritive juices, and carry them to the heart of the plant. The leaves, being now developed, begin and continue the exercise of their functions, till winter again, in the economy of nature, suspends the operations of the machine. Nor is its action confined to the circulation of vegetable juices. Without vapour (its legitimate offspring) the fountain and the shower would be unknown—nor would the great processes of animal and vegetable fermentation and decomposition

go on. Without rain or other means ameliorating the soil, what would be the aspect of the globe? what the state of vegetation? what the situation of man?

The diffusion of *electrical* matter, found in the air and in all other substances, furnishes a presumption, that it is an efficient agent in vegetation. Nollet and others have thought that, artificially employed, it favoured the germination of seeds and the growth of plants; and Mr. Davy “found, that corn sprouted more rapidly in water, *positively* electrified by the voltaic battery, than in water *negatively* electrified.”* These opinions have not escaped contradiction, and we do not profess to decide where doctors disagree.

5th. Of *stable yard manures*, *lime*, *marl*, and *gypsum*, and their agency in vegetation:

We have already said, that vegetables in the last stage of decomposition, yield a black or brown powder, which Mr. Davy calls “*a peculiar extractive matter, of fertilizing quality*,” and which the chymists of France have denominated *terreau*. This vegetable residuum is the simple mean employed by nature to re-establish that principle of fertility in the soil, which the wants of man and other animals are constantly drawing from it. It was first analyzed by Hassenfratz, who found it to contain an oily, extractive and carbonaceous matter, charged with hydrogen; the acetates and benzoates of potash, lime and ammoniac; the sulphates and muriates of potash, and a soupy substance, previously noticed by Bergman.—Among other properties (and which shows its combustible character) is that of absorbing, from atmospheric air, its oxygen, and leaving it only azote. This was discovered by Ingenhouse, who, with De Sausure and Bracconnet, pursued the subject by many new and interesting experiments, the result of which is—

* See Fourcroy, vol. viii.

† See Chaptal on vegetation,

‡ Knight's Observations, &c.

* Davy's Elements.

1. That the oxygen thus absorbed, deprives the terreau of part of its carbon, which it renders soluble and converts into mucilage; and

2. That the carbonic acid, formed in the process, combines with the mucilage, and with it is absorbed by the roots of plants.

If we put a plant and a quantity of slacked lime under the same receiver, the plant will perish; because the lime will take from the atmospheric air all the carbonic acid it contains, and thus *starve* the plant. Vegetables, placed near heaps of lime in the open air, suffer from the same cause and in the same way; but though lime, in *large* quantities, destroys vegetation, in *small* quantities it renders vegetation more vigorous. Its action is of two kinds—mechanical and chymical; the first is a mere division of the soil by an interposition between its parts; the second, the faculty of rendering soluble vegetable matter, and reducing it to the condition of terreau.

The *mechanical* agency ascribed to lime, belongs also to *marle* and to *ashes*, and in an equal degree—but their *chymical* operation, though similar, is less.*

Gypsum is composed of lime and sulphuric acid. Mayer was the first to present to the public a series of experiments upon it, in its relation to agriculture. Many chymists have followed him, and a great variety of opinion yet exists with regard to its mode of operation. Yvart thinks that the action of gypsum is exclusively the effect of the sulphuric acid, which enters into its composition; and founds this opinion upon the fact, that the ashes of turf, which contain sulphate of iron and sulphate of alumina, have the same action upon vegetation as gypsum. Laysterie, observing that plants, whose roots were nearest the surface of the soil, were most acted

upon by plaster, concludes, that gypsum takes from the atmosphere the elements of vegetable life and transmits them directly to plants. Bose intimates, that the *septic* quality of gypsum (which he takes for granted) best explains its action on vegetation; but this opinion is subverted by the experiments of Mr. Davy, who found, that of two parcells of minced veal, the one mixed with gypsum, the other left by itself, and both exposed to the action of the sun, the *latter* was the first to exhibit symptoms of putrefaction. Mr. Davy's own belief on this subject is, that it makes part of the food of vegetables, is received into the plant and combined with it. The last opinion we shall offer on this head, is that of the celebrated Chaptal. "Of all substances, gypsum is that of whose action we know the least. The prodigious effect it has on the whole race of trefoils, (clover, &c.) cannot be explained by any *mechanical* agency—the quantity applied being so small—or by any *stimulating* power—since gypsum, raw or roasted, has nearly the same effect; nor by any *absorbent* quality, as it only acts when applied to the leaves. If permitted to conjecture its mode of operation, we should say, that its effect being greatest when applied to the *wet* leaves of vegetables, it may have the faculty of absorbing and giving out water and carbonic acid, little by little, to the growing plant. It may also be considered as an *aliment in itself*—an idea much supported by Mr. Davy's experiments, which shew, that the ashes of clover yield gypsum, though the clover be raised on soils not naturally containing that substance."

[*Alb. Argus.*

(To be continued.)

MANURES OF GREEN CROPS.

All *green succulent plants* contain saccharine or mucilaginous matter, with woody fibre, and readily ferment. They cannot, therefore, if

* Vegetable ashes are *lime*, combined with an earthy saline matter.

intended for manure, be used too soon after their death.

When *green crops* are to be employed for enriching a soil, they should be ploughed in, if it be possible, when in flower, or at the time the flower is beginning to appear, for it is at this period that they contain the largest quantity of easily soluble matter, and that their leaves are most active in forming nutritive matter. Green crops, pond weeds, the paring of hedges or ditches, or any kind of fresh vegetable matter, requires no preparation to fit them for manure. The decomposition slowly proceeds beneath the soil; the soluble matters are gradually dissolved, and the slight fermentation that goes on, checked by the want of a free communication of air, tends to render the woody fibre soluble without occasioning the rapid dissipation of elastic matter.

When old pastures are broken up, and made arable, not only has the soil been enriched by the death and slow decay of the plants which have left soluble matters in the soil; but the leaves and roots of the grasses living at the time, and occupying so large a part of the surface, afford saccharine, mucilaginous, and extractive matters, which become immediately the food of the crop, and the gradual decomposition affords a supply for successive years. [*Davy's Agric. Chem.*]

ESSAY ON AGRICULTURE.

The judicious and increasing attention of our citizens to agricultural pursuits, must be regarded, by every enlightened friend of his country, as among the happiest presages of its future prosperity. Agriculture, the most ancient and useful of the arts, the inseparable companion, if not the parent, of civilization, is rapidly obtaining that rank in public estimation, to which its intimate connexion with the cardinal interests of every well regulated community gives it so unquestionable a claim. The absurd

prejudice, which has associated the cultivation of the soil with the idea of an ignoble servitude, is fast disappearing under the influence of milder systems of government, and has already ceased to operate on minds having the least pretensions to discrimination or enlargement of view.—The Patriarch of the human race was commanded by his Creator to “*replenish the earth, and to subdue it;*” we may, therefore, infer, that a limited attention to agriculture was among the happy employments of Adam, in the days of primeval innocence.

But, in the language of a distinguished prelate, that original transgression which banished man from Paradise, banished Paradise from the earth. The primal curse is still in unmitigated operation, and, without “*the sweat of the brow,*” the least reluctant soils will yield but scanty fruits for the sustenance and the comfort of man. Toil is an indispensable pre-requisite in every department of life, where wealth, or honour, or even *daily bread*, is sought with a reasonable prospect of success. The scholar, amid the lofty abstractions of the closet, when fatigued by incessant vigils, realizes the painful truth, that “*much study is a weariness of the flesh.*” The merchant, though stimulated by the incitements of enterprise and the bustle of occupation, must occasionally feel the energies of his body and mind relax under the pressure of business, without variety and without remission. And how grievous are the toils of those *choice spirits* who discover no enterprise but in the pursuit of pleasure—who disdain to “*eat the bread of carefulness,*” and seek, amid the fugitive joys of sensuality, a temporary refuge from the torpor of dejection, or the oppressive listlessness of voluntary inaction.

Let not the unobtrusive husbandman fear to compare his lot with that of those whose proud externals and apparent exemption from toil are

extremely fallacious indications of their just rank on the scale of human happiness. Living in a land of promise and of plenty, and under the government of mild equal laws, the American Farmer must exult in the consciousness that "*the lines are fallen to him in pleasant places*"—that his is, in truth, a goodly heritage. He loves the soil, because it is the legacy of his fathers, and because he derives from its fruitful bosom the means of sustaining life, and protecting his feelings and opinions from the dictation of arrogance and the various temptations of penury.

His quiet and unsophisticated modes of thinking and living, indispose him to listen with eagerness to the solicitations of intrigue or sedition, and it is proverbial that the contagious frenzy of revolution, extends not without difficulty, to the cautious, reflective, and well balanced mind of the farmer.

[*R. I. American.*]

ON DRESSING FLAX.

Extract of a Letter from R. H. Harrison, Esq. to J. Wood, Corresponding Secretary of the Cayuga Agricultural Society, N. Y. dated

NEW YORK, March 27, 1820.

DEAR SIR—Every farmer is acquainted with the method of raising flax, and also of *rotting* it; or, as it is generally called, water and dew *retting*. and the method of separating the boon, or woody matter, from the harle, or useful fibre. Flax has deservedly the character of being one of the most impoverishing crops, in the present method of treating it: it makes no return, either as animal food, or as manure, to the land; it is therefore surprising that a discovery which was to obviate all these disadvantages should only have been brought into practice within a few years.

A Mr. James Lee, in England, discovered that the process of steeping and dew retting flax, or hemp, was not necessary; and that if treated and dressed dry, it will be superior in every respect, produce more, and make considerable return to the land, as fodder for cattle and as manure.

A patent was granted to him in 1812; and of such importance was it considered, that he obtained an act of parliament to keep his specification secret for seven years. This may be a reason why so little has been known of it in this country. I have, however, one of his machines in my possession, and have dressed flax with it. It consists of a break, or as he called it, a scraper, to separate the boon out of the stem, &c.—it is then passed through a pair of finely fluted rollers, and is finished and ready for the hackle.

The flax plants, when ripe, are to be pulled, to be spread and dried the same as hay, laying the roots in one direction; when dry, to be carried into the barn: And from the report of a committee of the house of commons on the petition of James Lee, and also on petition of Lee and Bundy, respecting their new machine for this purpose, it appears that the following are the results of Mr. Lee's discovery:

1st. That preparing flax and hemp, in a dry state, for spinning, answered most completely; the cost of preparing is less, it avoids the risk of steeping, and saves *time and material*.

2d. The *strength* and quality of the cloth is much superior to that from flax, water steeped or dew rotted.

3d. The great advantage from the quantity of food for cattle, and also manure obtained by this new method, the boon, or outer coat of the flax, containing a sixth of the gluten of oats, the woody part being excellent for manure.

It also appeared in evidence before the committee, that

100 lbs. flax, in a dry state, produced one fourth,	25 lbs. fibre
100 lbs. flax, dew retted, produced one eleventh,	9 1 1-2
Excess,	lbs. 15 14 1-2

or a saving in proportion as 90 to 33.

In confirmation of this I can only say, I procured some flax, in its dry state, which had been thrown away as not worth *retting*—4 lbs. of dry flax produced 1 lb. of fibre fit for the hackle: when dressed in Lee's machine, the samples of flax, tow, and thread, though, from the poor quality of the flax, inferior to some samples of English flax dressed in the same manner, were greatly superior to any that had been retted.

I have, however, never made the experiment of weighing the flax, and then ascertaining its produce when retted; but from the knowledge of those who gave evidence to this point, have no doubt of its correctness.

There is another advantage; the flax dressed in a dry state becomes much whiter, and is easier bleached—merely washing it in soap and water makes it white: the finest particles of flax are also saved, which are essential to the manufacture of lace, or very fine linen: the seed is also all preserved.

Mr. Brande, professor of chymistry at the Royal Institution, made some experiments on the nutritious quality of the chaff: the result was, an eighth of nutritious matter. Mr. Lee says, it is equal to a crop of oats for feeding cattle; and it appeared also, that horses, when accustomed to it, prefer it to clover chaff.

Having thus briefly stated the advantages of the dry method of dressing flax, I will proceed to give some account of the machines for preparing it, which have been invented since Mr. Lee's. The best appears to be Hill and Bundy's, for which Mr. Bundy obtained a patent, in England. It consists of two machines, a breaker and a rubber; the first for separating the harle from the boon; the second

cleanses it from small particles of wood and bark, left by the breaker.

The breaker consists of fine fluted rollers, so disposed as to draw the flax through them, at the same time to take off the woody parts from it; once passing through is generally sufficient. It is a machine combining great mechanical skill, and on an entirely different principle from Mr. Lee's, and is not liable to get out of order.

The rubber is made to have the same effect as rubbing by hand would, to cleanse the fibre, and open and subdivide it, to produce the finest thread.

Mr. Lee has invented a new machine, consisting of fluted rollers, to work by water or horse power: it is different from Hill and Bundy's, which is worked by hand; and the rollers work differently.

From experiments made by the different machines, it appears by the report of the committee of the house of commons, that in Hill and Bundy's, one breaker and two rubbers would produce 80 lbs. of prepared flax in a day, and would require one man or woman, and three children: the work is light—a man can turn two breakers and two rubbers.

Lee's machine would produce about 11 lbs. a day; his new machine, worked by water, will produce 50 lbs. in a day, and requires three men or women to attend it.

Having never made any of the machines, I can only state the probable cost. Hill and Bundy's one breaker and two rubbers, could be furnished for about \$200. Lee's machine, at from 60 to \$70. His new machine I have never seen a draft of, and could not tell the cost.

The high cost of Hill and Bundy's machine will prevent our farmers generally from obtaining it. But what better business can be done, than purchasing the flax, in its dry state, from the farmer, to manufacture it in this way; and every town might em-

ploy its paupers in dressing flax by these machines: they might also be introduced into our state prisons and penitentiaries with good effect.

Having given you this hasty sketch of the recent improvement in dressing flax, I would suggest to our agricultural societies generally, to procure one of the machines, as there can be no doubt of their answering. The general introduction of them would not only promote greatly our agricultural prosperity, but also the domestic manufactures of this state.

To dress Flax to look like Silk.—

Take one part lime and between two or three parts of wood ashes; pour over them a due proportion of water to make a strong ley, after they have stood together all night, which must be poured off when quite clear. Tie handfuls of flax at both ends, to prevent its entangling, but let the middle of each be spread open, and put it in a kettle, on the bottom of which has been first placed a little straw, with a cloth over it, then put another cloth over the flax, and so continue covering each layer of flax with a cloth, till the kettle is nearly full. Pour over the whole the clear ley, and after boiling it for some hours, take it out, and throw it in cold water: this boiling, &c. may be repeated, if requisite. The flax must be each time dried, hackled, beaten and rubbed fine; and, at last, dressed through a large comb, and through a very fine one. By this process the flax acquires a bright and soft thread. The tow which is off, when papered up and combed like cotton, is not only used for many of the same purposes, but makes lint for veterinary surgeons, &c. [Am. Farmer.]

AGRICULTURAL MEMORANDA.

Caterpillars.—Hein is a great enemy to caterpillars. By surrounding a bed of cabbages with a row of kemp, the cabbages will be preserved.

Churning.—After churning some time, throw into the churn one spoonful of distilled vinegar for every gallon of cream. When churning proves tedious, this will greatly hasten the separation of the butter.

To cure Hams Westphalia fashion.—Sprinkle your ham with common salt for one day; then wipe it dry. Take 1 lb. brown sugar, 1-4 lb. saltpetre, 1-2 pint bay salt, and 3 pints common salt. Stir these well together in an iron pan over the fire till moderately hot. The ham to lie in this pickle for three weeks.

Rue.—The growth of this plant ought to be cherished in every stock yard; nothing being more salutary or even pleasant to fowls.

Guinea Corn.—The stalks of this grain, if pressed, are said to yield a juice sweeter and of greater body than the sugar cane.

Carrots.—According to some agricultural reports, carrots will yield 600 or even 900 bushels per acre.

At the last meeting of *The Columbian Institute*, some valuable specimens of *American plants*, beautifully preserved, were presented by Dr. *Darlington*, a representative in Congress from Pennsylvania; and several fine specimens of *American minerals*, chiefly collected in the valley of the Mississippi, by Mr. *Schoolcraft*, the ingenious author of a work which has lately appeared on the lead mines of Missouri, and natural history, &c. of the western country.

To make fat Lamb.—"To make or fatten lamb for the market, let your ewes be well attended to, and fed upon a patch of rye; upon turnips, or other corresponding food; affording abundant milk. As fast as your lambs fall, and can run well alone, all you have are to be shut up together in a dark pen or stall, of proportionate size to the number of lambs you expect, having a narrow trough, breast high to them, to be daily supplied with Indian corn meal, with the bran

in it; and hanging up within their reach one or more wisps or small bundles of fine hay for them to nibble at. This stall must communicate with, or adjoin, a larger apartment, into which you are to turn ewes twice or thrice a day, to suckle their lambs, and to sleep all night with them.—Before turning the ewes out to pasture, each time, the lambs must be lifted into their small dark pen, or stall, (one six or eight feet square, is sufficiently large for thirty lambs or more.) where they will have no room to skip or play their fat away; here they will nibble so much of the fine hay, and eat so much of the dry Indian corn meal, from want of other employment, as to render themselves voraciously thirsty against the next meal of milk from their dams; which, with the other causes mentioned, makes them grow surprisingly large and fat in a short time. Lambs thus educated, will often promiscuously suck the ewes, without knowing or being attached to their own dams.—Hence a very great advantage: for when all grow large and strong, they become capable of consuming more milk than a single ewe can afford; and more especially those ewes which have two or more lambs each. For upon killing off all the lambs of a ewe, that ewe continues to give suck to the other lambs promiscuously as before, to the great advantage of the surviving lambs, now requiring additional nourishment. This is not the case when lambs run out at large with their dams.”

New method of inoculating trees.—A common method of inoculating is by making a transverse section in the back of the stock and a perpendicular slit below it; the bud is then pushed down to give it the position which it is to have. This method is not always successful; it is better to reverse it, by making the verticle slit above the transverse section, and pushing the bud upwards into its position—a method which rarely fails of success;

because as the sap descends by the bark, as has been ascertained, and does not ascend, the bud thus placed above the transverse section, receives abundance, but when placed below, the sap cannot reach it.

Grape Vines.—About one month since, I trimmed a very luxurious grape vine, calculating that I was early enough to allow the wound made by the cutting to heal before the sap began to rise; but to my surprise I found, three days since, the sap issuing from every part where the knife had been used, the ground was completely wet with it: I tried rosin and other things to stop it, without avail. In conversation with a neighbour he informed me, that to stick a potato on the part would stop the sap. I tried it and found it to succeed completely. Apprehending that many persons may, at this season, have vines similarly situated with mine, I thought communicating the above might give them an opportunity of benefiting by the information. A. B.

[*N. Y. Daily Adv.*]

To dry Peaches.—The following mode of drying peaches is adopted by Thomas Belanjee, of Egg-Harbour, New Jersey:—He has a small house with a stove in it, and drawers in the sides of the house, lathed at their bottoms. Each drawer will hold nearly half a bushel of peaches, which should be ripe, and not peeled, but cut in two, and laid on the laths with their skins downwards, so as to save the juice. On shoving the drawer in they are soon dried by the hot air of the stove and laid up. Peaches thus dried are clear from fly dirt, excellently flavoured, and command a high price in market. Pears thus dried eat like raisins. With a paring machine, which may be had for a dollar or two, apples or pears may be pared, and a sufficient quantity dried, to keep a family in pies, and apple bread and milk, till apples come again. With a paring machine, one person can pare for five or six cutters.

CANKER ON PLUM TREES.

Lansingburg, April 5, 1820.

S. SOUTHWICK, Esq.

Sir—I observe in your *Plough Boy* of the 1st inst. some observations on the disease in Plum Trees, called *Canker*, wherein the writer states that the disease is probably caused by the trees being bark-bound. I have had sufficient proof to convince me that it is caused by insects only. From a variety of observations and experiments, I find that when young shoots are throwing out of the trees, they are stung by a species of fly, and a number of eggs or nits are deposited through the tender bark, where they remain until the tree commences growing the next season; those places then begin to swell, and after a few weeks, small worms can be distinctly observed by the naked eye, which, after about one month more is elapsed, eat out of the protuberances, then become black, take to themselves wings, and commence operations as before stated.

The only remedy that I can discover, is to cut off every limb affected, on its first appearance; and if the tree be so much affected as to be past cure, it should be totally cut down, in order to destroy the whole race of insects which cause the disease. The first discovery of this complaint was on the sea-board: and it has advanced north about twenty miles a year. At present nearly all the bearing trees on the sea coast to the southeast, are totally destroyed, and it pervades all this part of the country. The poorest natural blue plums are first attacked—the dark coloured grafts, next—and lastly, the light coloured fruit fall victims. Some few kinds as yet withstand their attacks. By observing the above caution, my trees are entirely free from them, and bear abundantly. I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

ARBOREUM.

ON DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

Sir—The Montgomery Agricultural Society have announced the following 40 premiums to be awarded to ladies in October, 1820. As some of them are novel, their publication in the *Plough Boy*, I am persuaded, will have an excellent effect, as an example. W.

To the lady who shall produce the best piece of cloth, made of merino wool, spun in the family, not less than 15 yards,	88
2d best do.	6
For the best piece of cloth made of common wool, spun in the family, not less than 15 yards,	6
2d best do.	4
For the best piece of flannel, spun in the family, of merino wool, not less than 20 yards,	6
2d best do.	4
For the best piece of flannel made of common wool, spun in the family, not less than 20 yards,	5
2d best do.	4
For the best pair of rose blankets, spun and made in the county,	5
2d best do.	4
For the best piece of carpeting, spun in the family,	6
2d best do.	5
For the best external covering for beds, spun in the county,	4
2d best do.	3
For the best hearth rag, spun and made in the family,	3
2d best do.	2
For the best pair of worsted stockings, made and knit in the family,	1
2d best do.	75 cents
For the best pair of woollen stockings, spun and knit in the family,	1
2d best do.	75 cents
For the best pair of cotton stockings, knit in the family,	1
2d best do.	75 cents
For the best pair of linen stockings, spun and knit in the family,	1
2d best do.	75 cents
For the best half pound of sewing linen thread, spun in the family,	4
2d best do.	3
For the best pair half stockings, knit by a girl not over 14 years of age,	1
2d best do.	75 cents
For the best 15 runs of linen yarn, spun by a girl not over 14 years of age,	4
2d best do.	3
3d best do.	2

For the best pair of double mittens, spun and knit by a girl not over 14 years of age, - - - - -	\$ 1
2d best do. - - - - -	75 cents
For the best table linen, not less than 15 yards, - - - - -	6
2d best do. - - - - -	4
For the best piece of linen, not less than 15 yards, spun in the family, - - - - -	6
2d best do. - - - - -	4
For the best Lady's straw or grass bonnet, made in the county, of materials of the growth of the state, - - - - -	8
2d best do. - - - - -	7
3d best do. - - - - -	6
To the Lady who shall attend the next annual fair in the best homespun dress, - - - - -	20
2d best do. - - - - -	18
3d best do. - - - - -	16
4th best do. - - - - -	14
5th best do. - - - - -	12
6th best do. - - - - -	10

WOODEN SOALED SHOES.

Mr. Custis of Arlington, near Alexandria, in a letter to the editor dated 1st Feb. last, observes—" Wooden soaled shoes are the very best for labourers that I ever met with. They keep the feet warm and dry in ditching, and in all kinds of labour, to be performed out of doors in winter, and are a saving in expense of fully 80 per cent. My people are all shod in this way, and themselves declare that they never were so comfortable in their feet before, while my leather bill from \$ 100, has been reduced to scarce \$ 20.

You form the soal, after the appearance of the leather soal and heel, the wood about half or three fourths of an inch in thickness, around the upper edge, is cut a rabbit, into which is nailed (with ordinary sized tacks) the upper leather.—Not a particle of thread is needed, except to close the two parts of upper leather.—Every man may be his own shoemaker, and a man would put together a dozen pair a day. In slippery weather, small plates of iron are nailed around the toes and heels, and frost nails driven in them, which also pro-

TECTS the soal from wear. Gum, ash, or dogwood, are best for the soals, and about two sets will last the winter.—The feet are never cold, or wet, and hence will be remedied those chronic pains and evils, to which labourers are subject, from exposure to cold and wet. For any purpose but a foot race, these are the very best shoes, and I doubt whether even Sir Humphrey Davy has made a more useful discovery in the last twenty years." [Am. Farmer.

Republican Manners.—A gentleman, who lately visited the Athenæum at Boston, told us, that he saw a book there, on the title page of which was written these words, by the hand of Mr. Jefferson—

" From Thomas Jefferson to his friend John Adams."

Now, to my way of thinking, all the flowers of rhetoric might be culled, and yet be wanting of the " sublime and beautiful" that irresistibly attaches itself to this little sentence—" Thomas Jefferson to his friend John Adams." It affords a practical result of our glorious system of government, more " precious than rubies." It is a diamond of the finest water, which the republican should hug to his bosom as a rich legacy to his children and his children's children " to the thousandth generation"—an evidence in favour of the simplicity of the truth never to be parted with, while the mighty Mississippi rolls her floods to the ocean! It is worthy of the best days of Greek or Roman history; and there is, doubtless, a sincerity in it that Greece or Rome hardly knew to exist between men so illustrious. The time has passed away in which either of those venerable men can be regarded as at the head of a party in the state, however much they were once opposed. They are preparing " for another and a better world;" but, like the patriarchs of old, with joyous hearts, survey the rich fruits of inde-

pendence, planted by their toil and nurtured by their care. Passion has long ceased to influence either; oblivion has passed over their political differences of opinion; ancient friendships are renewed, and a spirit of harmony and reciprocal esteem prevails in each bosom.

What a magnificent sentence—"from Thomas Jefferson to his friend John Adams!" Let us consider how great a space those men have filled in the world. Each has been the rallying point of simultaneously contending parties—each filled the highest office in the gift of the only free people existing, to relieve the sombre despotism of the civilized world.—Each has lived to see his early vows to the republic fulfilled; and their present good understanding affords us a delightful proof of the inestimable aphorism, that "a difference of opinion is not a difference of principle."

What are now John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, so recently the leading politicians of the day, the heads of mighty parties?—private citizens, wholly abstracted from the bustle of the times, and leaning on their good intentions, like Jacob on his staff, to offer up thanksgivings to the Most High for the benefits which He has been pleased to bestow upon their beloved country! Neither holds a court, or is courted with sinister views; for it is well understood that both have retired from the influence that might have attached itself to them;—but the trace of their footsteps are as blessed by a grateful people, and a good old age has come upon them in peace!

May we imitate the plainness and sincerity of this little sentence! What could ten thousand high-sounding titles add to the reputation, or contribute to the internal satisfaction of these sages? Yet we practise them, and there are hundreds of little things among us, creatures of the moment—here to-day and gone to-morrow, and forgotten, who feel insulted if they

are not called of men *honourable*, written at full length, as if the title made them so. I believe I never wrote this word, as prefixed to a man's name, but once, and think that, while I preserve my reason and sense of moral *honesty*, I never will write it again, to a fellow citizen.

It would not do any *harm* if there was much more of this magnificent simplicity at the seat of government, where comfort is often sacrificed to form, and chilling etiquette keeps back from those in office the very persons that they ought to have familiar communication with. It is the yeomanry of the country, who are to carry to the chiefs of the government, the feelings and wishes of the nation: but they are frozen by the ceremony of their introduction to men in power—congressmen and others. It is hateful even to some who *seemingly* exact it—because it is "*the rule*." Why not abrogate the rule, and while impertinent intrusion is kept at a distance, receive honest worth on the level, as man should receive man? A little anecdote, which I have recently heard, may illustrate this remark—a certain gentleman, who now is a quaker, or at least conforms to many of their manners, a veteran of the revolution, and one of Mr. Monroe's earliest friends, having business at Washington, was specially sent for by the president, who had not seen him for more than forty years. The old man went to the president's house; he was met in the hall by the servants, who separately asked him for his cane, his coat, and his hat. The latter he would not part with, and it was intimated to him that he could not go in to the president's room unless he dispossessed himself of it; but he observed, 'if he couldn't go in, he could go out,' and began to prepare for his departure. Then it was said, he might go in with his hat on, if he was willing to risk it! He was willing, and entered, and was received by the president as a true friend ought to be received;

and they had a very interesting interview, grateful to one another. How much pleasure was nearly denied to Mr. Monroe for a matter of form!—for, if the sturdy old republican had once left the house, they never could have prevailed upon him to enter it again!

All mere ceremonies are easy, and even in matters of the highest import, become mechanical to those accustomed to perform them daily—but are always irksome to those who never went through them—nor do they form any part of our habits of thinking and acting, as conformable to the nature of our institutions. I am apprehensive that they are on the increase, though well convinced that they are not desired by the president himself, and others that I could name. But they are *fashionable*; and it is easier to correct a positive vice than to do away an idle fashion. This fashion keeps no one from the presence of influential persons who has sinister designs to accomplish, but checks the warm flow of the blood with which an honest farmer or mechanic would meet his own elected rulers, and prevents that freedom of discussion by which truth is manifested. Let us all endeavour to imitate the simplicity and frankness of Jefferson—under this solemn assurance, that the further we are removed from this plainness, the greater is the danger of despotism. I am very far from being an enemy to what are called the elegancies of life, and am quite willing that, if a couple of dancing masters meet, they should bow to each other, “according to rule,” for half an hour before they approached near enough to touch the tip of each other’s finger, as the *sign* of shaking hands! Let those enjoy it who can, and practice it who may—but it is not the *manner* in which sincerity is shown, or good fellowship promoted. The homage of the heart, such as the republican will feel in reading the *text* of this article, is

worth more than all the forms of etiquette ever devised. It is as a rock in the midst of the sea—faction assails it in vain; it is *principle* only that takes effect upon it. The tide of popularity may rise and fall, but the foundation is not to be shaken. [Niles’ Reg.]

On the Importance of Manner.

To exasperate is not the way to convince: nor does asperity of language or of manner necessarily belong to the duty of plain dealing. So far otherwise, a scolding preacher, or a snarling reprover, betrays alike a gross ignorance of the philosophy of the human mind, and the absence of Christian meekness; and how zealous soever be his aim to do good, the provokingness of his manner will defeat the benevolence of his intentions.

The following remarks are from the pen of a man as distinguished for Christian piety as for superiour genius—the immortal Cowper. “No man” (says that *evangelical* poet) “was ever scolded out of his sins. The heart, corrupt as it is, and because it is so, grows angry if it be not treated with some management and good manners, and scolds again. A surly mastiff will bear perhaps to be stroked, though he will growl under that operation, but if you touch him roughly, he will bite. There is no grace that the spirit of self can counterfeit with more success than that of zeal. A man thinks he is fighting for Christ, when he is fighting for his own notions. He thinks that he is skillfully searching the hearts of others, when he is only gratifying the malignity of his own, and charitably supposes his hearers destitute of all grace, that he may shine the more in his own eyes by comparison.”

Nor is scolding, or ridicule either, the proper way to cure men of their religious prejudices: for, by inflaming their anger, it renders their prejudices the more stubborn and inve-

terate. It is no matter how absurd, or even how monstrous their errors and prejudices; if you offend them by the grossness of your manner, there is little hope of your convincing them afterwards by the cogency of your reasoning.

The Baptist Missionaries in India, at the first insulted, as we are told, the superstition which they attacked, and ridiculed and reviled the Bramins in the streets, and at their festivals, when the passions of the blinded and besotted populace were most likely to be influenced. But experience taught those pious and apostolical men, that this was not the right way to make converts: for which reason, in 1805, they made a declaration of the great principles upon which they thought it their duty to act. "It is necessary," say they, "in our intercourse with the Hindoos, that, as far as we are able, we abstain from those things which would increase their prejudices against the gospel. Those parts of English manners which are most offensive to them should be kept out of sight; nor is it advisable at once to attack their prejudices, by exhibiting with acrimony, the sins of their gods; neither should we do violence to their images, nor interrupt their worship."

Now if this forbearance from every thing provoking, whether in language or manner, was expedient in dealing with the errors of the grossly idolatrous pagans, it is assuredly not less expedient for fellow Christians, in their treatment of the real or supposed religious errors of one another. Bitter revilings and contumelious denouncements always provoke, but never convince. If they are used instead of argument, they betray a conscious weakness; for it is much easier to revile and denounce than to argue. And furthermore, we are quite as apt to be furiously in the wrong, as to be furiously in the right: or even if we know ourselves to be right as to matter, we put our-

selves in the wrong as to manner, if we make use of foul weapons rather than those which the armoury of reason supplies.

Manner is to be carefully studied by every one, whether in a public or a private station, who undertakes to reclaim the vicious, or to convince the erring: for what would be beneficial if done in one manner, would be worse than labour lost, if done in another. A haughty, supercilious manner never wins, seldom convinces, and always disgusts; whereas that which indicates meekness and unmingled benevolence and compassion, rarely fails of some salutary impression; especially if suavity of manner be accompanied with force of reasoning, and a due regard be had to time, place, and circumstances.

No very long while ago, Mr. —, an American clergyman, as distinguished for pious zeal as for eminent parts, was passing a river in a ferry boat, along with company of some distinction, among which was a military officer who repeatedly made use of profane language: Mr — continued silent till they had landed, when taking him aside, he expostulated with him in such a moving manner, that the officer expressed his thanks, and his deep sorrow for the offence; but added withal: "*Sir, if you had reproved me before the company, I should have drawn my sword upon you.*"

There are some who glory in it, that by their plain dealing they wound the pride of those they deal with. Peradventure with greater pride they do it. Often, we are so little aware of the obliquities of our own hearts, that we may be feeding and nourishing pride within ourselves whilst we are zealously aiming our blows at the pride of others. Our love of chiding, our coarse bluntness, which we fondly term an honest plain heartedness, or a warmth of zeal, may possibly spring from other motives than those of pure Christian benevolence.

EXTRACT FROM WILKINSON'S MEMOIRS.

Sentiments of an Old Soldier.

Let those parents who are now training their children for the military profession, let those misguided patriots, who are inculcating principles of education subversive of the foundations of the republic, look at this picture of distress, taken from the life of a youth in a strange land, far removed from friends and relations, commingled with the dying and the dead, himself wounded, helpless, and expiring with agony, and then should political considerations fail of effect, I hope the feelings of affection, and the obligations of humanity, may induce them to discountenance the pursuits of war, and save their offspring from the seductions of the plume and the sword, for the more solid and useful avocations of civil life; by which alone peace and virtue, and the republic, can be preserved and perpetuated. A dupe during my whole life, to the prejudices I now reprobate, I speak from experience, and discharge a conscientious duty, when I warn my country against military enthusiasm, and the pride of arms; and against the arts and intrigues by which the yeomanry, the palladium of the republic, are depreciated, and standing armies and navies are encouraged. For what would it avail the citizens of the United States, if in a political frenzy, they should barter their rights and liberties for national renown? And who would exchange the blessings of freedom, for the repute of having eclipsed the whole human race in feats of valour and deeds of arms? This is a serious question! It affects the vital interests of every freeman; and the course of the government makes it proper and necessary, that these states should pause and reflect, before it be too late. We have escaped from one war with a crippled constitution; the next will probably destroy it; therefore let the motto of the state be—PEACE.

DR. FRANKLIN.

Extracts from a letter of Mr. Jefferson, dated December 4th, 1818, respecting Dr. Franklin.

“ Dr. Franklin had many political enemies, as every character must, which, with decision enough to have opinions, has energy and talent to give them effect on the feelings of the adversary opinion. These enmities were chiefly in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. In the former they were merely of the proprietary party: in the latter they did not commence till the revolution, and then sprung chiefly from personal animosities, which spreading by little and little, became at length of some extent. Dr. — was his principal calumniator; a man of much malignity, who, besides enlisting his whole family in the same hostility, was enabled, as the agent of Massachusetts with the British government, to infuse it into that state with considerable effect. Mr. Jay, Silas Deane, Mr. Laurens, his colleagues also, ever maintained towards him unlimited confidence and respect. That he would have waived the formal recognition of our independence, I never heard on any authority worthy notice. As to the fisheries, England was urgent to retain them exclusively, France neutral, and I believe that had they been ultimately made a *sine qua non*, our commissioners (Mr. Adams excepted) would have relinquished them rather than have broken off the treaty. To Mr. Adams' perseverance alone on that point, I have always understood we were indebted for their reservation. As to the charge of subservience to France, besides the evidence of his friendly colleagues before named, two years of my own service with him at Paris, daily visits, and the most friendly and confidential conversations, convince me it had not a shadow of foundation. He possessed the confidence of that government in the highest degree, insomuch that it may

truly be said that they were more under his influence, than he under theirs. The fact is, that his temper was so amiable and conciliatory, his conduct so rational, never urging impossibilities, or even things unreasonably inconvenient to them; in short, so moderate and attentive to their difficulties, as well as our own, that what his enemies called subserviency, I saw was only that reasonable disposition, which, sensible that advantages are not all to be on one side, yielding what is just and liberal, is the more certain of obtaining liberality and justice.— Mutual confidence produces of course mutual influence, and this was all which subsisted between Dr Franklin and the government of France.

“ I subjoin a few anecdotes of Dr. Franklin, within my own knowledge.

“ Our revolutionary process, as is well known, commenced by petitions, memorials, remonstrances, &c. from the old Congress. These were followed by a non-importation agreement, as a pacific instrument of coercion. While that was before us, and sundry exceptions, as of arms, ammunition, &c. were moved from different quarters of the house, I was sitting by Dr. Franklin, and observed to him that I thought we should exclude science, even coming from an enemy. He thought so too, and I proposed the exception, which was agreed to. Soon after it occurred that medicine should be excepted, and I suggested that also to the doctor. ‘ As to that,’ said he, ‘ I will tell you a story. When I was in London, in such a year, there was a weekly club of physicians, of which Sir John Pringle was president, and I was invited by my friend Dr. Fothergill, to attend when convenient. Their rule was to propose a thesis one week, and discuss it the next. I happened there when the question to be considered was, Whether physicians had, on the whole, done most good or harm? The young members, parti-

cularly, having discussed it very learnedly and eloquently till the subject was exhausted, one of them observed to Sir John Pringle, that, although it was not usual for the president to take part in a debate, yet they were desirous to know his opinion on the question. He said, they must first tell him whether, under the appellation of physicians, they meant to include *old women*; if they did, he thought they had done more good than harm; otherwise more harm than good.’

“ The Confederation of the States, while on the carpet before the old Congress, was strenuously opposed by the smaller States, under the apprehension that they would be swallowed up by the larger ones. We were long engaged in the discussion; it produced great heats, much ill humour, and intemperate declarations from some members. Dr. Franklin at length brought the debate to a close with one of his little apologies. He observed, that ‘ at the time of the union of England and Scotland, the Duke of Argyle was most violently opposed to that measure, and among other things predicted that, as the whale had swallowed Jonas, so Scotland would be swallowed by England. However,’ said the doctor, ‘ when Lord Bute came into the government, he soon brought into its administration so many of his countrymen, that it was found, in the event, that Jonas swallowed the whale.’ This little story produced a general laugh, restored good humour, and the article of difficulty was passed.

“ When Dr. Franklin went to France on his revolutionary mission, his eminence as a philosopher, his venerable appearance, and the cause on which he was sent, rendered him extremely popular; for all ranks and conditions of men there, entered warmly into the American interest. He was therefore feasted and invited to all the court parties. At these he sometimes met the old Duchess of Bourbon, who being a chess-player of

about his force, they very generally played together. Happening once to put her king into *prise*, the Doctor took it. 'Ah,' says she, 'we do not take kings so.' 'We do in America,' said the doctor.

"At one of these parties, the Emperor Joseph II., then at Paris, *incog.* under the title of Count Falkenstein, was overlooking the game, in silence, while the company was engaged in animated conversations on the American question. 'How happens it, M. Le Comte,' said the Duchess, 'that while we all feel so much interest in the cause of the Americans, you say nothing for them?' 'I am a king by trade,' said he.

"When the Declaration of Independence was under the consideration of Congress, there were two or three unlucky expressions in it, which gave offence to some members. The words 'Scotch and other auxiliaries,' excited the ire of a gentleman or two of that country. Severe strictures on the conduct of the British king, in negating our repeated repeals of the law which permitted the importation of slaves, were disapproved by some southern gentlemen, whose reflections were not yet matured to the full abhorrence of that traffic. Although the offensive expressions were immediately yielded, these gentlemen continued their depredations on other parts of the instrument. I was sitting by Dr. Franklin, who perceived that I was not insensible to those mutilations. 'I have made it a rule,' said he, 'whenever in my power, to avoid becoming the draughtsman of papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson from an incident which I will relate to you. When I was a journeyman printer, one of my companions, an apprentice hatter, having served out his time, was about to open shop for himself. His first concern was to have a handsome sign-board, with a proper inscription. He composed it in these words:—' John

Thompson, Hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money,' with a figure of a hat subjoined. But he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first he showed it to, thought the word '*hatter*' tautologous, because followed by the words '*makes hats.*' which shew he was a hatter. It was struck out. The next observed that the word '*makes*' might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats; if good and to their mind, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He struck it out. A third said, he thought the words '*for ready money,*' were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit: every one who purchased expected to pay. They were parted with, and the inscription now stood, '*John Thompson sells hats.*' '*Sells hats?*' says his next friend; 'why nobody will expect you to give them away. What then is the use of that word?' It was stricken out, and '*hats*' followed it, the rather, as there was one painted on the board; so his inscription was reduced ultimately to '*John Thompson,*' with the figure of a hat subjoined.

"The Doctor told me, at Paris, the following anecdote of the Abbé Raynal.—He had a party to dine with him one day, at Passy, of whom one half were Americans, the other half French; among the last was the Abbé. During the dinner he got on his favourite theory of the degeneracy of animals, and even of man, in America, and urged it with his usual eloquence. The Doctor at length noticing the accidental stature and position of his guests, at table, 'Come,' said he, 'M. l'Abbé, let us try this question by the fact before us. We are here one half Americans, and one half French; and it happens that the Americans have placed themselves on one side of the table, and our French friends are on the other. Let both parties rise, and we will see on which side nature has degenerated.' It happened that his American guests were Carmichael, Harmer, Humph-

reys, and others of the finest stature and form; while those of the other side were remarkably diminutive, and the Abbé himself, particularly, was a mere shrimp. He parried the appeal, however, by a complimentary admission of exceptions, among which the Doctor himself was a conspicuous one."

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An Act for the Appraisement of Estates taken in execution.

SECT. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania in general assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same,* That in all cases where lands, tenements or hereditaments, have been or hereafter shall be levied on, by virtue of any writ of *fiery facias* or other writ of execution, and an inquest of twelve men summoned by the sheriff or coroner of any of the cities or counties agreeably to the existing laws of this commonwealth, shall find that the rents, issues and profits of such property, are not sufficient, beyond all reprises, within the space of seven years to satisfy the damages and costs or the debt, interest and cost in such writ mentioned, it shall be the duty of the same inquest to value and appraise the said property. And in all cases where the defendant or defendants shall consent to a condemnation agreeably to an act entitled "a supplement to the act, entitled, An act for taking lands in execution for the payment of debts," passed on the sixth day of March, one thousand eight hundred and twenty, and in any case where an inquisition and condemnation of such estate as aforesaid shall not be deemed necessary in law, it shall be the duty of the sheriff or coroner of the proper county to summon an inquest of twelve good and lawful men of his bailiwick, who shall be under oath or affirmation, and shall receive the same pay as jurors are entitled to

in similar cases, to value and appraise the same; and the sheriff or coroner shall make return of such valuation or appraisement, with the writ aforesaid, to the court from which the same issued, and which valuation or appraisement shall be conclusive in any future execution which may be levied on the same property; and in case any writ of *venditioni exponas* or other writ shall issue for the sale of said lands, tenements or hereditaments, and the same cannot be sold at public vendue or outcry for two-thirds or more of such valuation or appraisement: that then and in such case the sheriff or coroner shall not make sale of the premises, but shall make return of the same accordingly to the court from which the execution process issued, and that thereupon all further proceedings for the sale of such lands, tenements or hereditaments, shall be stayed for one year from and after the return day of the *venditioni exponas*, or other writ for the sale of the premises: *Provided*, That the sheriff or coroner, shall not be entitled to poundage unless in those cases where a sale of the property shall take place.

SECT. 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid,* That in all cases where lands, tenements or hereditaments, have been heretofore levied on and condemned in virtue of any writ of *fiery facias*, and in all cases where any lands, tenements or hereditaments, have been or hereafter shall be seized or levied on by virtue of any writ of *levari facias*, it shall be the duty of the sheriff or coroner, before exposing the said property to sale pursuant to any writ for that purpose issued, or in pursuance of such writ of *levari facias*, to summon twelve good and lawful men of his bailiwick, who, being first sworn or affirmed, shall make a true valuation or appraisement of the property aforesaid, and the same proceedings shall be had as is directed by the first section of this act.

SECT. 3. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid,* That in all cases where a life estate, or for a term of years, in any lands, tenements, or hereditaments, have been or shall be seized and levied on by virtue of any writ of execution, it shall be the duty of the sheriff or coroner, before he shall proceed to advertise and sell the premises aforesaid, to summon an inquest of twelve good and lawful men of his bailiwick, who, being first duly sworn or affirmed, shall make a true valuation and appraisement of the same. And if such life estate, or for term of years as aforesaid, after having been advertised and offered for sale by public vendue or outcry, according to the laws of this commonwealth, cannot be sold for two thirds or more of the amount of the valuation and appraisement aforesaid, the sheriff or coroner shall make return accordingly; and thereupon all further proceedings for the sale of the said premises shall be stayed for one year from the return day of the said execution process.

SECT. 4. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid,* That in all cases where personal property shall be taken in execution by virtue of any writ of *fiery facias* issued out of any court of common pleas in this commonwealth, or by virtue of any execution issued by a justice of the peace, it shall be the duty of the sheriff, coroner, constable or other person, to whom such writ shall be directed, respectively, when it shall be requested by the debtor, to summon three respectable freeholders or citizens of the vicinage, who, being first duly sworn or affirmed by the said officer, shall value and appraise the personal property aforesaid, for which service they each shall be entitled to receive fifty cents per day; which valuation or appraisement, signed by the appraisers, together with a schedule of the property taken in execution, shall be annexed to the return of said writ. And in case said personal

property, or any part thereof, cannot be sold for two thirds of the amount of said valuation or appraisement, at a public vendue of the same, of which notice shall be given to the plaintiff or plaintiffs, his, her or their agent or attorney, agreeably to the direction of the first section of this act, that then the sale of such property shall be stayed for the term of twelve months from that date: *Provided*, That the said defendant or defendants shall execute and deliver to the sheriff, coroner or constable, as the case may be, a bond, with one or more sufficient sureties, in a penalty double the amount of the said valuation or appraisement, conditioned for the faithful forthcoming and delivery of all and every part of the said personal property, upon the expiration of the said stay of execution, to the proper sheriff, coroner or constable, or his successor in office, in like good order and condition as when the same was so as aforesaid offered for sale, or other personal property equal in value and like good order, to be ascertained in the manner aforesaid; or in default thereof, for the payment of the amount of the appraisement or valuation, with interest and costs, or the amount of the debt, interest and cost, for which the levy was made. And upon the execution and delivery of such bond, the said personal property shall be returned and redelivered into the possession of the said defendant or defendants: *Provided also*, That nothing in this act contained, shall be construed to prevent any judgment creditor or creditors from having the property of any debtor or debtors exposed to sale, in the usual manner, at any time, and as often as he, she or they may think proper, after it may have once been exposed to sale as aforesaid, by paying all the costs which may accrue in consequence thereof, except the time which a sale may be effected, which cost shall be paid out of the proceeds of the sale as in other cases.

SECT. 5. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That this act shall be and continue in force for the term of one year and no longer.*

MORTGAGES.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania, at their late session, passed the following act relative to Mortgages.

SECT. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in general assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That from and after the first day of October next, all mortgages, or defeasible deeds in the nature of mortgages, made or to be made or executed for any lands, tenements or hereditaments within this commonwealth, shall have a priority according to the date of recording the same, without regard to the time of making or executing such deeds. And it shall be the duty of the recorder to endorse the time upon the mortgages or defeasible deeds when left for record, and to number the same according to the time they are left for record, and if two or more are left upon the same day, they shall have priority according to the time they are left at the office for record. And that no mortgage, or defeasible deed in the nature of a mortgage, shall be a lien until such mortgage or defeasible deed shall have been recorded, or left for record as aforesaid. Provided, That no mortgage given for the purchase money of the land so mortgaged shall be affected by the passage of this act, if the same be recorded within sixty days from the execution thereof.*

SECT. 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That the governor be, and he is hereby requested to cause this act to be published immediately after the passage of the same, in such newspapers and for such a length of time as he may think most proper for the information of the citizens of this commonwealth.*

Whimsical conflict.—It would be well for society, if all duellists were to find themselves in the same predicament as did the celebrated poet, Dr. Akenside, and a gentleman of the bar by the name of Ballow. A challenge had passed from the former—but they did not get into the field; for one would not consent to fight in the morning, and the other was equally determined not to do so in the evening! The one wished to fall in a blaze of glory, mingled with the brilliant rays of the rising sun, a very fanciful and poetic notion; and the other, with perhaps an equal degree of poetic feeling and imagination, thought the shades of eve more congenial with the work of death and the hour of dissolution. Whether serious or affected, the difference was perhaps a happy one for the lovers of literature, who might otherwise have lost the keen and inexpressible delight which ever flows from the perusal of Akenside's *Pleasures of Imagination*—a work which will charm and instruct mankind through every age, so long as learning, taste, and genius, shall have a votary or a favourite to relish so rich a banquet. The hand of blood, that had deprived the republic of letters of that incomparable poem, would have well deserved everlasting execution.

[*Plough Boy.*]

LAW-SUIT.

The longest law-suit ever heard of in England, or perhaps in the world, was between the heirs of Sir T. Talbot; Viscount Lisle, on the one part, and the heirs of Lord Berkeley on the other, respecting certain possessions not far from Wotton-under-Edge, in the county of Gloucester. The suit was commenced at the end of Edward IV. and was depending till the reign of James I. when a compromise took place, it having lasted above a hundred and twenty years.

THE CAMERONIANS.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, Nov. 1819.

For the Cameronians, those relics of the stern enthusiastic Covenanters—those resolute maintainers of the unblemished purity and rights of the reformed church—those dwellers on the misty mountain tops—I entertain the greatest respect and reverence. It was my lot to pass the early part of my life in the neighbourhood of their hill of worship—often in the company of their leading men, and most admired professors—and at all times in the society of a portion of their number. They had hovered for many years about the mountainous regions of the parish of Kirkmahoe, in Dumfries-shire; and as they began to confide in the kindness of their less rigid brethren, they commenced descending, step by step, from a large hill to a less, till they finally *swarmed* on a small sterile mount, with a broomy glen at its foot, beside a little village, which one of their number named “Graceless Quarrelwood.” Quarrelwood is a long straggling village, built in open hostility to regular lines, or the graceful curves of imaginary beauty. The cottages which compose it are scattered as if some wizard had dropt them down by random; and through the whole a streamlet winds, and a kind of road infinitely more crooked than the stream. This lane is fringed chiefly by old plum-trees, and seeks its way to the eastern extremity of the village, with a difficulty which a stranger will soon be sensible of, should he be so hardy as to endeavour to thread this Cameronian labyrinth. There is also a wide wilderness of gardens, hemmed in by strong walls of rough free-stone. It is a very defensible position; and, in case of retreat, the deep channels of two scanty streams present direct openings to the upland holds; and these are covered ways—for the brooks contrive to maintain as many stately trees and flourishing bushes on their steep and impassable banks, as

would do honour to mightier streams. To this rural encampment several hundreds resorted weekly to hear their pastor's instructions; and at their great midsummer Festival of the Sacrament, several thousands usually assembled, many of them from distant parts, even from Fife and Banff. All around were objects to cherish their ancient spirit, and remind them of other days. The seat of their bitter persecutor, General Dalzell, was within two short miles—the grave of the cruel Laird of Lagg was visible from their mount; and in the church-yard of Dumfries, in the moors of Irongray, and the moorlands of Nithsdale, were buried, under broad and inscribed stones, some of the most renowned of the martyrs. With two of their preachers I had the pleasure of being acquainted; and I have also heard several of the western professors preach during the continuance of the sacramental holydays. Of their professors I shall endeavour to render some account. I still remember, with reverence, the thin long snowy hair and bald shining crown, and primitive look of the patriarchal Farely; and it is impossible I should ever forget the familiar and fervent eloquence of that delightful old pastor. Towards the close of his life, which was unusually long, he was accused of cheering his decaying spirits with other beverage than what cold brooks afforded. Of this infirmity I have heard some of the sternest of his flock speak with unlooked-for gentleness; and I believe none of his fellow-preachers chose to rebuke him for this indulgence, from a just dread of his powers for keen dry sarcasm. He was a great favourite with the Cameronian ladies, old and young, and his reputation with them was not at all diminished, by the renown he acquired by his ability in inflicting the discipline of his sect on fair trespassers.

Of John Curtis, the regular pastor of the flock, I do not remember so

much as I do of Mr. Farely. He was a man unaffectedly pious, rather than eloquent, and was deservedly and warmly beloved. He adorned his discourses with that melodious tone which some call the Cameronian drawl, and which the pious Cowper complained of in the Conventicles. Each sentence has a kind of starting note; and I can discover remains of this old puritanical fashion in the eloquence of Wilberforce and also Lord Milton. It would require some constraint in a pious stranger to listen, without an inward smile at least, to this continually recurring chorus.—With a gifted preacher it is less ungraceful, for he contrives to make it tell in better time than an ordinary man—still it might be spared; but a very sensible divine told me, he dared as soon renounce predestination as part with the “twang;” it was as dear to his flock as the memory of Richard Cameron. John Curtis, for he abominated the prelatical designation of “Master,” was not an unfrequent, or unwelcome guest at my father’s house. His coming was a visitation, for it came over our mirth as a cloud. He invariably was invited on week days; Sunday was a day that had higher duties. His coming was the signal for seven children, I was one of them, to cease their play and pranks, and mix trembling with their mirth. We became as quiet as a brood of chickens, over which the hawk is hovering. Even the nuts or raisins which filled the pockets of this primitive person, and which he divided among us with many a clap on the head and benediction, failed to inspire confidence.

The chief revolution in the affairs of the Cameronians of Dumfriesshire, was effected at the death of John Curtis. They had been driven by persecution to preach on the mountains, and though persecution had ceased, on the mountains they remained. It was certainly a beautiful and impressive sight to see a

congregation worshipping God on a mountain side or a wild glen; to see the upright pulpit-rows of bared, and white, and bald heads decently ranged around—and more extended ranks of beautiful women and active men drawn up in a regular confusion—the whole listening to the eloquence of my old friend Farely. This, with a clear day and a bright sun, must make an impression of devotion on the most obtuse intellect. But as the mason said of the wise man who sung, “Snow is beautiful in its season,” “My certes,” said he, “it was easy for him, with his lasses and his wine to sing so; had he been a poor freestone mason, he would have sung another sang.” For the weather seemed sometimes to inherit the rancour of the bloody Claverhouse, or the renowned chieftain of Lagg, to this persecuted race; and, instead of June giving one of her brightest and balmyest days for the Sacrament, I have witnessed the heavy rain come down sans intermission for four stricken hours, as if ambitious to measure its mercies by the length of the “Action Sermon.” By some this circumstance was hailed as a divine acknowledgment of their presence and influence; and after some very dry weather I have heard Mr. Farely turn a timely thunder shower to good account, by apostrophizing the Deity for his kindness to “this dry barren land.” On another occasion—the morning was serene during the introductory discourse, and just as my friend Farely began to administer the sacrament, a huge black cloud sailed from the westward, and hung heavy and ominous over the congregation. Ere the ladies could raise their plaids, it descended perpendicular plump down, and the huge drops splashed off the bald crown of the preacher, in a manner that Kemble would have envied in acting King Lear. A Cameronian with an umbrella, at that time an unusual thing in the country, arose and stretched it over the Professor’s head,

regardless of himself. At this visible interposition between him and heaven, the preacher was wroth, and said audibly, "Take the Pope's cap off me," and his conduct was highly applauded.

To such a congregation, after the decease of John Curtis, my friend of the umbrella made a proposition to have a chapel erected. And I question much if a proposal to go to mass would have excited a stronger commotion—particularly among those whom the measure meant to protect—the old and infirm. He of the umbrella offered to subscribe largely himself, and promote the subscription among others, hinting that many of the members of the kirk favoured the cause, and would be glad of an opportunity to display it. The motion was well timed too, namely, at the close of one of those four-hours benedictions from a thunder cloud, which had urged its way through the broad bonnets and thick plaids of the most obstinate believers. I cannot enumerate to you all the bitter and brief exclamations of dismay and indignation which this proposal excited. The decided wrath of one old moorland dame I shall long remember, "Foul fall ye," said she, starting up and hurling her heavy clasped black print Bible at the proposer's head, "foul fall ye, ye deserve to be brained with the word ye hae abused;" and had he of the umbrella not caught this religious missile, as the Curtal fryar's dogs caught the outlaw's arrows, namely, as it flew, he might have been numbered with the martyrs. "Shall *we*," said she, "who were hounded like deer to the mountains, there to worship God in fear of evil men, shall *we*, whom he marvelously protected there, doubt his providence, and descend to keep yer coupled timber—yer covered cushions—and yer canopied, fringed, and painted prelatial pulpits—and yer walls of hewn stane—far frae me—fit places are they, not for the word, but

for ye ken what;"—and so she sat down. The more sensible part reflecting, however, that the showers of spring were cold—that the winds of autumn were not always gentle—and that winter indulged them with various and dubious blessings, under the resemblance of snows and sleets, and sudden thaws, resolved, that the erection of a house of worship was a justifiable measure; and a house was accordingly built. But the eloquent dame of the moorlands introduced a salvo, by which the sacrament was directed to be administered in the open air, and so it still continues.

The religious festival of the sacrament is commenced after due private preparation by prayers of unwonted length, and the lonely broomy hollow where it is held, exhibits on Sabbath morn to a stranger a grand and solemn spectacle.

The last time I was present at this meeting I was invited to breakfast at the house of a respectable and recently converted member of the "Broken Remnant," a warm-hearted weaver, a man of rare conversation—ready wit, and cutting dry sarcasm. He was also as much celebrated for his poetry as the unrivalled productions of his loom. His birds eye, his barley-pickle, his lowland plaiden, and fine linen, were the theme of praise among the young maids in danger of being married—and to their praise I add mine. I have proved his hospitality, and proved the labours of his loom. I sat down to an ample breakfast with this Cameronian worthy—his wife lively always, and once handsome—his two sons, inheriting their father's powers even to overflowing, and a solemn browed Cameronian from the borders of the moorlands. This family auxiliary undertook to pronounce a blessing on our good cheer; a serious trial of my patience and appetite. I endured his sermon for many minutes; it was in its nature controversial. He touched on the adventure at Drumclog, and addressed Providence in

strong and familiar term anent the disaster at Bothwell Brig. I looked piteous but resigned, and the good housewife poured forth the tea. But then there came headings and hangings, and finings and confinings, and sad travels and sore tortures. The goodwife placed a plate of smoking savoury cake before him, but he was not to be tempted; he threw a passing curse or two on patronage, still he was distant from our day half a century at least. I looked with an imploring eye, and my entertainer closed his; but I could see by the sarcastic curl at the corners of his mouth that he was inwardly enjoying my misery. Once I stretched my hand, for I had half a mind, like the renowned and impatient good man of Drumbreg, on a time of similar trial, to seize my cup with a cry of "Ye have done brawly man," and cut short all explanation by falling to. I endured it to an end however, and an excellent breakfast enabled me to endure the infliction of a "return thanks," eminently curious and controversial. We then sallied forth to the preaching—the pastor had already commenced; it might be half past 9 o'clock. I was struck with the magnitude and repose of the congregation. Besides the sodded seats which held the oldest and most respectable members, the broom then, I think, in full bloom, with all its perfume about it, was bent down for many acres to form rural seats to Cameronian dames, and dames indeed of all persuasions.—There were many dressed in the latest fashion; the old simple mode of dress however prevailed. Though all shewed deep symptoms of devotion, and many of awe, the young women by no means confined their eyes, and many had bright ones, to the contemplation of the preacher. This festival always attracts an immense multitude, and though the Cameronians are the only communicants, all sects and denominations of Presbyterians crowd to the place, and occupy the vacant ground.

I saw many of the Cameronians with whom I had a personal acquaintance, and a silent squeeze of the hand, or an acknowledgment, an austere one, of the eye, was all the recognition to be obtained. The list of offences and sects excluded from communication is extensive and curious—they call it "debarring"—Socinians, Arminians, Unitarians, Episcopalians, false teachers, promiscuous dancers, and play-house frequenters. I cannot inflict the whole of this tremendous catalogue upon you. One prudent and warning exclusion I cannot omit to mention, namely, that of all wives who disobey their husbands.

In the green hedge-row lane, leading to the tent of the preacher, various stalls were established by persons who thought—as godliness was great gain, great gain was godliness. Here refreshments of all kinds, particularly liquid consolation, abounded, and one tent, rivalling in dimensions the tabernacle of the preacher, looked presumptuously down from the very crest of the hill on its more devout neighbour below. Here the owner of a neighbouring public house had established himself, and into this canvass mansion, in a moment of weakness, I was tempted to enter. I had sundry reasons for this piece of backsliding;—first, I had become wearied with the unexampled length and tediousness of the before-mentioned four hour's sermon; secondly, I was desirous to partake of either Ram-Jam, Mid-Row, or Pinkie, three denominations of ale, for which the landlord was become deservedly famous, and in the brewing of which, weak nerves, as well as a good head, had been doubtlessly consulted;—and, thirdly and lastly, a dark-eyed damsel from the mountains wished for my private opinion anent the sinfulness of dancing, and to instruct me in a near road over the hills to her father's house, which stood in a remote glen on the stream of Ae. While deeply employed in taking a chart of this desert path, I

could not avoid remarking with what particular gravity all were drinking, and many getting drunk. Consolation had been poured forth in no stinted tide, for a huge wall of empty vessels flanked the entrance. The proprietor of this house of call for the thirsty, was a ruddy carrot-headed rustic, who had contrived to draw down his cheeks for the occasion, in a manner unusually solemn. He sat apart busied, or apparently busied, with that chief of all sage books, the *Young Man's Best Companion*; while his daughter, as active a girl as ever chalked a score to a thirsty man, managed the business. But his mind had wandered into a long and studious calculation of the probable profit in his fermentations, and the Book, which was only put there as a decoy to the godly, was neglected. I contrived to withdraw it unperceived from before him, and for this feat I was rewarded by a grim smile from a broad bonneted son of Cameron, and a snuff from a taphorn with a silver lid.

On returning to the meeting, the stars were beginning to glimmer, amongst the thin mist of the summer evening, and I could see groupings, already at some distance, of the spectators retiring home. Far differently demeaned themselves the pious remnant. They crowded round their preacher's tent after the repose of a brief intermission, and I left them enjoying a mysterious lecture on *Permission, Predestination, Free Grace, The Elect, and Effectual Calling*.

I am now, and I say it with sorrow, far removed from the society of those exemplary and pious people; and I heard, I confess, with something of an old Cameronian spirit and regret, that a proposition has been made to remove the meeting house into the neighbouring town of Dumfries. Of my old favourites, few I understand survive, and year after year lessens the number of those devout men who regularly passed my father's window

on the Sabbath morn. Mr. Farely has long since been numbered with the blessed—and Jean Robson, a very singular and devout character, has also rested from her labour of instructing the youth of the Cameronians. She taught the writer of this imperfect account to read—the Bible, and the famed Prophecies of Alexander Peden. She tore the leaf from the Bible which said, “James, by the Grace of God, Defender of the Faith,” and denounced the name of *Sunday* as Popish, or what was worse, Prelatical, and caused us all to call it the Sabbath. She died 83 years old. She used to flog her scholars, and exclaim,—“Thou art an evil one—a worker of iniquity,” while the tawse and tongue kept time and told sharply.

The Cameronians make few converts—few people are fond of inflicting on themselves willingly the penance of controversial prayers and interminable sermons. There is a falling off in the amount of the flock.—My friend, the weaver, became a convert from conviction. Another of the converts joined the cause in the decline of life, not without suspicion of discontent, because his gifts had been overlooked by the minister of the parish kirk, in a recent nomination of elders. He was fond of argument, and seemed not unwilling to admit the potent auxiliaries of sword and gun on behalf of the cause. On one occasion, he grew wroth with the ready wit of a neighbouring peasant, on the great litigated point of patronage—and seizing the readiest weapon of his wrath, a hazel hoop—for he was a cooper—exclaimed, “Reviler—retire—else I'll make your head saft with this rung.” On another time, he became exasperated at the irreverent termination of an epigram on a tipping blacksmith, which was attributed to Burns, who then resided within sight—at Elisland.

On the last day,
When sober men to judgment rise,
Go drunken dog, lie still incoog,
And dinna stir if ye be wise.

The honest Covenanter, after three days and three nights meditation, brought forth his expostulation with the mighty bard of Caledonia. It commenced thus—

Robert Burns ye were nae wise
To gie to Rodds sic an advice.

It has lost all its attraction since the voice of its author is mute, for who can repeat it as he did—the pithy preliminary remarks on the great poet's morals—the short Cameronian cough—the melodious trail of the tongue—and the frequent intrusion of explanatory notes, which the uninspired could not always distinguish from the poem itself, all these things are departed and passed away, and the verses sleep as quietly as the dust of the poet. Two other occasional converts scarcely deserve notice—one of them was saved from thorough conviction by the well-timed exaltation to a neighbouring precentorship, and the other has returned to his seat in the kirk, since the dark-eyed daughter of an adjacent Cameronian gave her hand, and it was a white one, to one of the chosen who was laird of an acre of peat-moss—and I have not heard of any other damsel of the covenant having caused him to relapse.

SHEPHERD'S DOG.

(From the London Sportsman's Cabinet.)

This dog is the most timid, obedient, placid, serene and grateful in the creation. He seems studiously conscious of the purposes for which he was formed, and is never so perceptibly gratified, as when affording the most incessant proofs of his unsullied integrity.—Instinctively prone to industry, he is alive to the slightest sensation of his employer, and would rather double and treble the watch line of circumspection, than be seen indulging in a state of neglectful indolence.—The breed is propagated and preserved with the greatest respect to purity in the northern parts of the kingdom of England, as well as in the

highlands of Scotland, where, in the extensive tracts and uncultivated wilds, their services exceed description.

Constitutionally calm, patient, and philosophic, the sheep dog seems totally lost to every appearance of novelty, and insensible to every attraction beyond the protection and indefatigable preservation of the flock committed to his charge.—In the most sequestered and remote spots, dreary wilds and lofty mountains, almost inaccessible to man, this dog becomes an incredible and trusty substitute; for once initiated in the ground-work of his office, he soon acquires a perfect knowledge of the extent of his walk, as well as every individual of his flock: and will as regularly select his own, and disperse intruders, as the most faithful and attentive shepherd in existence. This becomes the more extraordinary to the contemplative mind, when it is recollected what immense flocks are seen to cover the downy hills of Hants and Wilts, as far as the eye can reach, without control; and to know that by a single signal from the shepherd, this faithful, sagacious animal, replete with energy, vigilance, and activity, will make his circle, so as to surround a flock of hundreds, and bring them within any compass that may be required.

The sheep dog is so completely absorbed in what seems to be the sole business and employment of his life, that he does not bestow a look, or indulge a wish, beyond the constant protection of the trust reposed in him, and to execute the commands of his master; which he is always incessantly anxious to receive, and in fact is invariably looking for by every solicitous attention it is possible to conceive.—Inured to all weathers, fatigue and hunger, he is the least voracious of the species, subsists upon little, and may be justly considered truly emblematic of content. Though there is the appearance of a somniferous

indolence in the exterior, it is by no means a constitutional mark of habitual inability; on the contrary, the sagacity, fidelity, and comprehensive penetration of this kind of dog, is equal to any other, but that there is a thoughtful or expressive gravity annexed to this particular race, as if they were absolutely conscious of their own utility in business of importance, and the value of the stock so confidently committed to their care.

Amidst the infinity of cases so constantly issuing from the press, in which proofs almost incredible are authentically adduced of the courage, sagacity, fidelity, gratitude, and self-denial of different kinds of dogs, many are to be found appertaining to this particular race; if they are not so numerous as some other sorts, it may be fairly attributed to the little proportional chance they have (from their remote and sequestered employment) of displaying those powers in an equal degree with dogs more engaged in the bustle of human society.

Dr. Anderson (in his translation from Dr. Pallas) introduces the following instance of sagacity in a shepherd's dog, which he considers truly astonishing; and it will create no surprise with those who are in the least acquainted with their perfections.

"The owner himself having been hanged some years ago for sheep stealing, the following fact, among others, respecting the dog, was authenticated by evidence upon his trial. When the man intended to steal any sheep, he did not do it himself, but detached his dog to perform the business. With this view, under pretence of looking at the sheep with an intention to purchase them, he went through the flock with the dog at his feet, to whom he secretly gave a signal, so as to let him know the individuals he wanted, to the number of ten or twenty, out of a flock of some hundreds; he then went away, and at a distance of several miles sent back the dog by himself in the night time,

who picked out the individual sheep that had been pointed out to him, separated them from the flock, and drove them before him by himself, till overtaking his master, to whom he relinquished them."

The shepherd's dog rather shuns than seems anxious to obtain the caresses of strangers, of whom he always appears to be shy and suspicious; it being remarkable, that when refreshing upon a journey with the flock, he seldom reposes but close to the feet or body of his master; who well knows if he but deposits his coat or his wallet, and gives the animal the accustomed signal; when the sheep are at pasture, he may absent himself for hours, and at his return find the whole as safe and regular as if it had been under his own inspection. Although it is already observed, these dogs afford no evident external proof of quick conception, or rapid execution (except in all matters relative to the flock, to which their every faculty appertains) yet their sagacity and fidelity is found equal to every other branch of the species, when necessarily brought into useful action.

"In the month of February, 1795, as Mr. Boulstead's son, of Great Salkeld, in Cumberland, was attending the sheep of his father upon Great Salkeld's common, he had the misfortune to fall and break his leg.—He was then at the distance of three miles from home, no chance of any person's coming, in so unfrequented a place, within call, and evening very fast approaching: in this dreadful dilemma, suffering extreme pain from the fracture, and laying upon the damp ground at so dreary a season of the year, his agitated spirit suggested to him the following expedient: Folding one of his gloves in his pocket handkerchief, he fastened it round the neck of the dog, and rather emphatically ordered him "home."—These dogs, trained so admirably to orders and signals during their attendance upon the flock, are well known to be under the

most minute subjection, and to execute the commands of their masters with an alacrity scarcely to be conceived.

Perfectly convinced of some inexplicable disquietude from the situation in which his master lay, he set off at a pace, which soon brought him to the house, where he scratched with great violence at the door for immediate admittance. This obtained, the parents were in the utmost alarm and consternation at his appearance, but more particularly when they had examined the handkerchief and its contents. Instantly concluding beyond a doubt, that some accident had befallen their son, they did not delay a moment going in search of him; and the dog, apparently conscious the principal part of his duty was yet to be performed, anxiously led the way and conducted the agitated parents to the spot where their son lay overwhelmed with pain, increased by the awful uncertainty of his situation.—Happily this was effected just at the close of day, when being immediately removed, and the necessary assistance procured, he soon recovered, and was never more pleasingly engaged than when reciting the sagacity and gratitude of his faithful follower, who then became his constant companion.”

The instances of intelligence in the shepherd's dog are recorded in all books treating of the manners and habits of the dog tribe. One more may be mentioned from a recent publication. It is given for the purpose of stimulating the American farmer to possess himself of one of the breed as soon as possible.—Speaking of the “Currack of Kildare,” the author says, “The commonage is stocked by a prescriptive proportion, attached to the adjacent farms: every sheep owner has a particular raddled mark; the shepherd's dogs are so trained, that if a sheep, with a strange mark, comes on his master's front, the dog will single him out and worry him

off.”—See Statistical Survey of the County of Kildare, by T. J. Rawson, Dublin, 1807. p. 121. J. M.

The new steam ship Robert Fulton.—This ship is intended to ply as a regular packet between New York and New Orleans. She is said to be, in every respect, one of the finest vessels ever built in that city. A communication in the Gazette gives the following description of this beautiful vessel:

“This ship is a splendid piece of naval architecture—the most perfect model I ever beheld, and does great credit to her builder, Mr. Eckford. She is upwards of 750 tons, of a very great length, rigged with lug sails; has three kelsons, (the centre one large enough for a ship of the line,) together with bilge ways, and the whole secured and bolted in a very extraordinary manner, perhaps the most so of any vessel ever built. Her frame timber and plank are of live oak, locust, cedar, and southern pine, copper bolted and coppered.

“She will afford accommodation for more than 200 persons, is fitted up with high and airy state rooms, thoroughly ventilated by means of sky lights the whole length of the cabin, which is very extensive. Her after cabin is neatly arranged for the accommodation of ladies, and separated by means of folding doors, in the modern style. She has also a range of births fore and aft, together with a commodious fore cabin. And what adds to the greatest comfort and security of all, her engine and other machinery are completely insulated and unconnected, as it were, with the other part of the ship. In the centre, lengthwise, is a kind of well-hole, or square trunk, made both fire and water proof; no possible accident, therefore, by the bursting of the boiler, can reach either of the cabins. This trunk or well-hole being enclosed by very thick plank, caulked and leaded, may

be inundated with water at pleasure, without any inconvenience to the passengers.

"The furnace is also completely surrounded by the continuation of the boiler, so that no part of the fire can ever come in contact with the wood. There is a space of about 9 or 10 inches filled in with materials, non-conductors of heat, which answer the double purpose of excluding the heat from the cabin, and at the same time deadening the disagreeable noise of the engine. She is also provided with a leather hose, similar to those used by our fire engine companies in this city, which will enable the hot or cold water to be conveyed to any part of the ship, and furnishing at the same time the great convenience to the passengers of a warm or cold bath, at pleasure. Her engine was constructed by Mr. Allaire, and is supposed to be the most powerful and most exact piece of workmanship ever turned out in this country; and her boiler is said to be the largest ever known to have been made in this or any other country. Take her all in all, she certainly presents a spectacle altogether unique."

MISCELLANY.

Public Lands.—The highly important bill, for changing the mode of disposing of Public Lands, so that hereafter they shall be offered for sale in half quarter sections, the minimum price to be one dollar and twenty-five cents, and all to be paid in cash, has passed both Houses of Congress, by great majorities, and now wants only the signature of the President to become a law.—This bill is to take effect from the 1st of June next.

From a late London paper it appears, that a new and easy method has lately been discovered, in England, of preventing the destruction of the young turnip plants by the fly, and for which the discoverer was rewarded with 200 guineas. It is mere-

ly to sow about 2 lbs. of radish seed on every acre of turnip land, with the turnip seed; the fly, preferring to feed on the radish plants, will, in such case, leave the turnip plants unmolested.

One of the most effectual methods of preventing the ascent of insects on fruit trees, in the spring, is to draw a streak of tar round the body of the tree; but the surface of this soon becomes incrustated by the warmth of the atmosphere, and then the insects are enabled to pass this barrier. To remedy this, mix a proportion of oil with the tar, which will prevent the hardening of the exterior for a considerable length of time; and when the effects of the oil are dissipated, let the exterior be again softened with oil.—This plan is certainly one of the most efficacious for preventing insects from ascending the bodies of fruit trees.

The scab in sheep.—The shepherds, in Spain, cure this disease with an ointment made of the trunk and roots of the juniper, by breaking them in small pieces, and infusing them in water. The sheep of this country are, however, but little liable to the scab.

It is a fact well ascertained, that when apple trees are in bloom, if the *farina* be gathered from the blossoms of a tree bearing sour fruit, and scattered on those of a tree bearing sweet, the apples produced from these blossoms will partake of the flavour of both trees. In this way the flavour of fruit may be changed for the better—a matter worthy of note, though perhaps not very profitable in practice.

From Munich, Germany, we learn that Dr. Vogel has announced the important discovery, that sulphuric acid, diluted with a certain proportion of water, and then applied to saw dust, to old linen, to paper, &c. will change these substances into gum and saccharine matter. M. Chaptal, somewhere in his book on chymistry, has ventured to offer his opinion, very modestly however, that even the chemical art of making gold (the great secret of the philosopher's stone) will

yet be discovered—that chymists will yet be convinced that all matter is the same, only different modifications.

Calculation of the Period of a Second Deluge.—According to the calculations of the learned astronomer of Bremen, M. Olbers, after a lapse of 83,000 years, a comet will approach to the earth in the same proximity as the moon; after 4,000,000 years it will approach to the distance of 7,700 geographical miles, and then, if its attraction equals that of the earth, the waters of the ocean will be elevated 13,000 feet, and a deluge will necessarily ensue! after a lapse of 220,000,000 years, it will clash with the earth.

During the late inundation of the Rhine, a hare, dislodged by the water, took refuge in a tree. One of the boatmen who were traversing the inundated country, in canoes, to pick up the sufferers, observed the hare, steered for the tree, and without making his boat fast, climbed hastily up to seize the poor animal. The hare perceiving his danger, sprang from the tree into the boat, which was put in motion by the leap of the hare, and floated down the stream, leaving the boatman in his place upon the tree, in the disagreeable necessity of watching the rise of the waters.

The Rhetorical Society at Cortryk, in the Netherlands, has lately offered a gold, and a silver medal, as a prize for a poem of 100 lines, and an epitaph of 12 lines, upon Kotzebue.

From a London paper we have the following advertisement—"A new species of man. Among the wonders of nature none have exceeded this extraordinary phenomenon—a man covered with scales, that rattle at the touch, is now in exhibition at the public rooms, 23, Bond Street. Physicians and natural philosophers will find an extensive field open for their inquiries.

By another of a late date it appears, that in Dublin a *steam coach* is advertised to commence running between

that city and Belfast, on the 1st Feb. and is to run from one city to the other, and return every day. It is calculated to run at the rate of about 13 Irish (equal to about 20 English) miles an hour. It is to carry the mail between the two cities. It is calculated that it will be found a safer mode of conveyance for passengers than carriages drawn by horses. The whole weight of the carriage and apparatus is estimated at about 4 tons.

Fires.—A letter from St. Thomas, of the 2d March, mentions that the whole city of Ponce, in Porto Rico, with the exception of one church, was destroyed by fire on the 27th of the preceding month. On the 1st of January last, a fire broke out at Smyrna, which consumed 1500 buildings. On the night of the 2d March, a spacious hotel in Lexington, (Ken) was consumed—loss estimated at 40,000 dollars.

From Pittsburg, it appears that a part of the vast beds of coal in the hills surrounding that place, has been on fire for about 25 years past; that the fire has, until lately, remained in a smouldering state, but has at length got vent, and that during the night it now exhibits the appearance of flame like a volcano. It is apprehended that much of the valuable material of coal, in the vicinity of that place, will probably be consumed before the fire will become extinguished.

At Canton, the imports from the U. States, for the last season, are stated at 7,414,000 dollars, in specie, and 2,693,011 dollars, in merchandise; exceeding that of the English Company three or four millions.

Congress have passed a law for taking another census of the United States. The enumeration to commence on the first Monday of August next, and to be completed in six months thereafter. Accounts of manufacturing establishments, and of the numbers employed therein, are to be duly noted.

A Check to Intemperance.—The select men in Bedford, (Mass.) have posted up, at the tavern in the town, a list of the names of persons notoriously addicted to drunkenness, and forbidden the sale of liquor to them, under penalty of the laws of that state against intemperate drinking.

The steam-boat Swift, rigged as a brig, is to depart from New York, for Rio de Janeiro, on the 5th of May—is now advertising for freight and passengers.

The grand jury of Putnam county, (Geo.) lately presented, as a grievance existing there, (and probably not less there than in many places elsewhere) the practice, indulged in by the bar, of villifying, without sufficient cause, the characters of suitors and witnesses. They request the aid of the court in discountenancing insolence of this kind.

From a late Petersburg, (Va.) paper, we have the following account of part of the remains of the formidable confederate tribes of Indians, found in Virginia when Sir Walter Raleigh first ascended St. James' river, at the head of which confederacy was Powhattan, the father of the celebrated Pocahontas. These remains are a few of the tribes of the Nottoways, to which tribe Powhattan belonged, the Panunkies, and a few of the Mattahonies. Of the Nottoways, says the account, only 27 now remain, at the head of which is a woman, styled their queen, of the name of Edie Turner, of the age of about 60, and said to be quite intelligent, though illiterate. She is comfortably situated in a cottage, with the necessities of life about her, and her share of the lands, (about 7000 acres, on Nottoway river,) tolerably well cultivated. The language of her tribe is only spoken by her and two others. It is said to be of Celtic origin, and as harmonious and expressive as the Erse, Irish, or Welch.

'Benefit of Clergy.'—Paper was not made earlier than the fourteenth

century—and printing in the century following. The art of reading made a very slow progress. To encourage it in England, the capital punishment of death was remitted if the criminal could read, which is termed 'Benefit of Clergy.' Yet so small an edition of the Bible as 600 copies translated into English in the time of Henry VIII. was not wholly sold off in three years.

Nugæ Antiquæ.—Before A. D. 1545, ships of war in England had no port-holes for guns; they had only a few cannon placed on the deck.

There is no mention of writing in the time of Homer. Ciphers, invented in Hindoostan, were brought into France from Arabia about the end of the tenth century.

Respiration in Frogs.—It appears from a series of curious experiments, performed by M. Edwards, that frogs, toads, and lizards, are preserved alive and in health under water for weeks, by means of the air contained in the water, which they abstract, not by the lungs but by the skin.

Chinese Alphabet.—The Chinese have 11,000 letters in use, and in matters of science they employ 60,000, but their articulate sounds do not exceed thirty.

Method of rendering Glass less brittle.—Let the glass vessel be put into a vessel of cold water, and let this water be heated boiling hot, and then allowed to cool slowly of itself, without taking out the glass. Glasses treated in this way may, while cold, be suddenly filled with boiling hot water without any risk of their cracking. The gentleman who communicates the method, says, that he has often cooled such glasses to the temperature of 10°, and poured boiling water in them without experiencing any inconvenience from the suddenness of the change. If the glasses are to be exposed to a higher temperature than that of boiling water, boil them in oil.

POULTRY.

From the European Magazine.

SIR—As the following account, together with the few observations I have made on the management and feeding of fowls, may prove acceptable, and afford some useful hints to many among the numerous readers of your entertaining and widely-circulated miscellany, you will oblige me by giving them a place in your work.

I procured two pullets of the black Spanish kind, which were hatched in June, 1818, and fed them constantly myself twice a day, alternating their food, that is, I gave them corn in the morning, and in the afternoon boiled potatoes mixed with *fresh* bran, but I never allowed them to take a *full meal* of corn. They had a small orchard to range in, where, in the course of the day, they occasionally picked up worms and other insects; and, I have observed that poultry of all kinds eagerly seek for animal food even after they have satiated themselves with corn: indeed, I conceive a portion of animal food essentially requisite to preserve them in a healthy state.

The above-mentioned pullets began to lay about the middle of November, and continued to do so till within the last ten days, when they began to moult their feathers, having produced *three hundred and sixty-seven eggs much larger and finer than those of the common fowl*. Seven eggs weigh 1 pound avoirdupois, so that I have been furnished with the astonishing weight of more than 53 pounds of nutritious and wholesome food from *two hens*. They were never *broody*, nor shewed a disposition to sit at any time during the whole season, and I understand this property is peculiar to this species of fowl: it is, however, an advantage than otherwise, as the common kinds can incubate their eggs, and foster their young.

G. C. JENNER.

October 14th, 1819.

Ancient Advice to Parents.

TEACH CHILDREN

Obedience,	and they shall	bless thee.
Modesty,		not be ashamed,
Gratitude,		receive benefits.
Charity,		gain love.
Temperance,		have wealth.
Prudence,	and	Fortune will attend them.
Justice,		they will be honoured by the world.
Sincerity,		own hearts will not reproach them.
Diligence,	and their	Wealth will increase.
Benevolence,		Minds will be exalted.
Science,		Lives will be useful.
RELIGION,		Death will be happy.

Comfortable Discovery.—"Laugh and grow fat" was the grand ancient specific for long life—"every sigh and groan drove a nail into our coffins," whilst a contrary excitation of the risible organs drew one out.—Truly every generation groweth wiser, and we may live to witness ocular proofs that pain is merely an alleviator of indigestion, and the repudiation of a limb, under the doctor's saw, a pleasant and exhilarating morning exercise; in short, what may we not expect after reading the following:

A French surgeon has published a long dissertation on the beneficial influence of groaning and crying on the nervous system. He contends that groaning and crying are the two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; and that he has uniformly observed, that those patients who give way to their natural feelings, more speedily recover from accidents and operations, than those who suppose that it is unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or to cry. He is always pleased by the crying and violent roaring of a patient during the time he is undergoing a surgical operation, because he is satisfied that he will thereby so sooth his nervous system, as to prevent fever and ensure a favourable termination.—From the benefit hysterical and other nervous patients derive from crying or groan-

ing, he supposes that "by these processes of nature," the superabundant nervous power is exhausted, and that the system is in consequence rendered calm, and even the circulation of the blood diminished. He relates a case of a man, who, by means of crying and bawling, reduced his pulse from 120 to 60 in the course of two hours. That some patients often have a great satisfaction in groaning, and that hysterical patients often experience great relief from crying, are facts which no person will deny.

As to the restless hypochondriacal subjects, or those who are never happy but when they are under some course of medical or dietetic treatment, the French surgeon assures them that they cannot do better than groan all night and cry all day. By following this rule, and observing an abstemious diet, a person will effectually escape disease, and may prolong life to an incredible extent.

Oats 1000 years old.—In the highest point of a field, a mile south from Forfar, Scotland, there was a druids' place of worship, consisting of a circle of large stones, with one (the largest) in the middle. The field was fallowed last year, and this temple trenched, from which a very great quantity of stones were turned up. Nothing particular, however, appeared, except a few bones that went to dust. The field this year was sown with barley, and this trenched part with the rest: so far as this trench extended, there are considerable quantities of oats, of various kinds, sprung up among the barley, the seeds of which must have remained there more than 1000 years. Without the trenched ground there is not a head of oats to be seen. Orders have been given to preserve these oat plants.

State of the Rain Gauge in Philadelphia.

January,	1 inch 40	100
February,	2	68
March,	5	70

Longevity.—In the parish of Acton, Middlesex, still exist the lineal posterity of the famous Bishop Cranmer, who was burnt at the stake by order of Queen Mary, nearly 300 years ago. One of them, an old lady, named Whytell, has completed her 112th year, and retains her intellectual and bodily faculties to a surprising extent.

West's Painting.—The Earl of Egremont has purchased the celebrated easel study of "*Death upon the Pale Horse*;" painted by Mr. WEST; one of the most sublime productions of modern art.

MARRIED,

In Hebron, Connecticut, the celebrated LORENZO DOW, to Miss LUCY DOALBEAR, of Montville.

At Harrisburg, Dr. PHINEAS JENKS, a member of the House of Representatives, from Bucks County, to Miss AMELIA, only daughter of the late governor Snyder.

Deaf and Dumb Marriage.—Nov. 20, 1819, a singular marriage was solemnized at Kirkheaton, near Huddersfield, between Joshua Barker and Mary Moorehouse. The man being deaf and dumb, could not repeat the necessary forms of the marriage ceremony; but this difficulty was obviated in an ingenious manner; as he was able to read, the book was presented to him, and he traced the words over with his finger.

DIED,

On the 4th instant, in Tewksbury, near New Germantown, (N. J.) FREDERICK PICKLE, aged 100 years. When he was 94 years of age, he cut with a cradle 500 sheaves of rye in a day. At 97 he went into the woods and split 100 chesnut rails in less than a day. He was regular and temperate in his habits, and enjoyed good health until within about a year before his death. His widow is 90, and they have lived in the marriage state 70 years.

TIME.

I saw him hasting on his way,
And mark'd his lightning flight,
Where'er he mov'd, there stern decay
Spread its destructive blight.
Rapid the gloomy phantom hied,
Envelop'd in the storm—
His eyes shone out in sullen pride,
And fearful beneath his form.

I saw him grasp the Warrior's wreath,
Won in the gory fray—
The laurel withering sunk in death,
Its beauty fled away,
That wreath was stained with bloody dew,
Unhallowed was its bloom—
It met the phantom's chilling view,
And bow'd beneath its gloom.

I saw him pass by Beauty's bower,
And listen to her lay;
Around the spot was many a flower
Blooming its summer day;
With icy heart the spectre came,
Her lovely form compress'd;
She met his lurid eye of flame—
The tombstone tells the rest.

On Youth's warm brow his hand he prest,
'Twas cold as mouldering clay—
He laid his hand on Manhood's breast,
The life-pulse ceas'd to play.
His fell siree o'er Nature passed,
And low she drooped her head—
Her blossoms withered in the blast,
And all her verdure fled.

FLORIO.

[Hudson Whig.]

WINTER EVENING'S AMUSEMENT
FOR JANE AND ME.

In summer days I till the ground,
And tug and toil and get my bread—
No interval can there be found,
Between my labour and my bed,
My wife declines to knit by night,
And I to read by candle-light.

But when the south receives the sun
Beyond the equinoctial line—
When all my summer work is done
Substantial pleasures then are mine,
Then Jane begins to knit at night,
And I to read by candle-light.

I'm then content, and never sigh,
Nor fly from home some bliss to find;
And Jane is pleased as well as I,
It so completely feasts her mind,
To sit her down to knit by night,
And hear me read by candle-light.

For when I read she always hears,
And what she hears, she tries to scan;
When ought to her obscure appears,
Then I explain it if I can,
O how she loves to knit by night
And hear me read by candle-light!

But when she drops a stitch, and gapes,
Soon gapes again, and nods her head,
I close my book, and say, perhaps
'Tis time, my dear, to go to bed—
So knit again to-morrow night,
And hear me read by candle-light.

[Olive Branch.]

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

Days of my youth! ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth! ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth! your keen sight is no more
Cheeks of my youth! ye are furrow'd all o'er;
Strength of my youth! all your vigour is gone;
Thoughts of my youth! your gay visions are
flown.

Days of my youth! I wish not your recal;
Hairs of my youth! I'm content you should fall;
Eyes of my youth! ye much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth! bathed in tears have ye
been;
Strength of my youth! why lament your decay;
Thoughts of my youth! ye have led me astray;

Days of my age! ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age! yet awhile ye can last;
Joys of my age! in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age! be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age! dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age! be ye fixed on your God!

CURE FOR TROUBLE.

BY S. OSBORNE.

Ben Brisk a philosopher was,
In the genuine sense of the word;
And he held that repining, whatever the cause,
Was unmanly, and weak, and absurd.

Tom Tiddle, when trouble intruded,
And his fortune and credit were sunk,
By a too common error deluded,
Drown'd trouble, and made himself drunk.

But Ben had a way of his own,
When grievances made him uneasy;
He bade the blue devils begone!
Brav'd trouble, and made himself—*Bury*.

When sorrow imbitters our days,
And poisons each source of enjoyment,
The surest specific, he says,
For trouble and grief, is—*Employment*.

LINES,

Inscribed to William Willshire, Esq.

Heaven's noblest attribute! a richer gem
Than ever deck'd the monarch's diadem,
Art thou sweet mercy! yet alas, how rare,
Amid this world of crime, thy triumphs are!
How dimly burns thy pure ethereal fire!
How seldom does its warmth the clay wrapt
heart inspire!

Yet, now and then, upon the path of time,
It blazes forth with dazzling ray sublime;
Sheds o'er this vale of tears its heaven lit
flame;

And throws a halo round the human name.
See! on the desert's verge, those wasted forms,
Which life's expiring spark but feebly warms;
Wore down by pain, toil, care, and wretched-

ness,
And clad in squalid misery's abject dress:
And mark the hectic flush, the broken sigh,
And the wild glance that lights each sunken
eye—

The thrilling pulse of hope—the withering fear
That checks the quick throb in its full ca-
reer—

The eager, half form'd question, and the start,
As if the accents shook the bursting heart—
“Oh! Heavens! and will he come, and shall
we be

Restor'd once more to life, and liberty?
Or must we in our galling bonds remain?—
But hush!—hark!—Lo a horseman on the
plain!”

'Tis he! he comes, he pities, succours, saves
The captives from their chains, the dying from
their graves.

Thine, Wiltshire, was the deed; and oh! to
thee

Is due the tribute of the brave and free!—
Noble, and generous! round thy brow shall
twine

A fairer wreath, a laurel more divine,
Than that which e'er the blood stain'd hero
wore;

Or science' sons in proudest moment wore.
And when the sculptur'd bust, the burnish'd
urn,

The victor's trophies shall to dust return:
When gone are all that wealth and power be-
stow;

Thy fame, undimm'd, shall shine—thy worth
shall brighter glow. N.

[*N. Y. Evening Post.*]

ON INTEMPERANCE.

—“But, at last it biteth like a serpent, and sting-
eth like an adder.”—Prov.

O, Take the maddening bowl away!

Remove the poisonous cup!

My soul is sick—its burning ray

Hath drunk my spirit up:

Take—take it from my loathing lip

Ere madness fires my brain;

Take—take it hence! nor let me sip

Its liquid death again.

O dash it on the thirsty earth,

For I will drink no more:

It cannot cheer the heart with mirth

That grief hath wounded sore;

For serpents wreath its sparkling brim,

And adders lurk below:

It hath no soothing charms for him

Who sinks oppress'd with wo.

Say not, “Behold its ruddy hue—
O press it to thy lips!”

For 'tis more deadly than the dew
That from the Upas drips;

It is more poisonous than the stream

Which deadly nightshade leaves:

Its joys are transient as the beam

That lights its ruddy waves.

Say not “It hath a powerful spell

To sooth the soul of care;”

Say not, “It calms the bosom's swell

And drives away despair!”

Art thou its votary?—ask thy soul—

Thy soul in misery deep—

Yea, ask thy conscience if the bowl

Can give *eternal sleep!*

Then, hence, away! thou deadly foe

Of happiness the whole;

Away—away!—I feel thy blow,

Thou *palsy* of the soul!

Henceforth I ask no more of thee,

Thou bane of Adam's race,

But to a heavenly fountain flee,

And drink the *dews of grace.*

FOR THE RURAL MAGAZINE.

HOPE.

For we have not a high priest who cannot be touch-
ed with the feeling of our infirmities: but was in all
points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

Heb. iv. 15.

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienc'd every human pain,
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray,
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still he who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceiv'd by those I priz'd too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer wo;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,¹
By all that shar'd his daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd my spirit dies,
Yet he who once vouchsaf'd to bear,
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly sooth; shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me—for a little while—
Thou, Saviour see'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And O, when I have safe² past,
Through every conflict— it the last,

Still, still unchanging, watch beside,
My painful bed—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away. A. B. C.

TO MY WIFE,

*On the Anniversary of her Wedding-day
which was also her Birth-day.*

BY SAMUEL BISHOP.

"Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed"—
So, fourteen years ago, I said.—
Behold another ring!—"for what?"
"To wed thee o'er again?"—Why not?

With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;
Taste long admir'd, sense long rever'd,
And all my Molly then appear'd.

If she, by merit since disclos'd,
Prove twice the woman I suppos'd,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.

Here then to-day, (with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense, as pure,
As when, amidst the rites divine,
I took thy troth, and plighted mine,)
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring
A token and a pledge I bring:
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
Those virtues, which before untried
The wife has added to the bride:
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For Conscience' sake, as well as love's.

And why?—They shew me every hour,
Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence,
And teach me all things—but repentance.

THE ICELANDER'S SONG.

From a MS. Volume of Poems, by Mr. G.
RATHBONE.

The southern may talk of his meads crown'd
with flow'rs,

Where the gale, breathing incense, unceas-
ingly flies;

He may vaunt the rich hue of his rose-tangled
bowers

Or the sapphire and gold of his bright sunny
skies;

But it is not a theme that will light up emotion
In an icelander's breast; since his pride and
his boast

Are his hoar-cover'd mountains, that frown on
the ocean,

Lit up with the ice-blink that girdles the coast.

When the winter of night darkles round him
all dreary,

And his snow-bosom'd hills mourn the ab-
sence of day,

With a heart void of care, and with limbs sel-
dom weary,

He launches his bark in pursuit of his prey;

Rough is his bed, and uneasy his pillow,
When far off in ocean he rambles from home;
Blithe sends his boat, as her prow cleaves the
billow

Of the gem-spangled brine, with its ridges
of foam.

Dear is the dawn of the fork'd northern light,
That illumines old Hecla's broad cone with
its rays;

And dearer its splendour, increasingly bright,
When the peaks of the ice-bergs appear in
the blaze:

Brightly it plays on his dart's glossy pride,
When it flies, steep'd in spray, on the snake's
scaly crest,

To bury its point in the whale's finny hide,
Or flesh its cur'd barb in the sea-lion's chest.

Dear is the summer of day, when the fountains,
Unfetter'd and free, pour the bright crystal
stream;

Dear is the cataract's leap in the mountains,
When sparkling at night in the moon's sil-
ver beam;

Dear are the shoals where the sea-horse is
bounding.

With his icied mane and his eyeballs of fire;
But dearer than all, is the comfort surrounding
The wife of his choice, and the hearth of
his sire.

TO THE SNOW-DROP.

Joyous Herald of the Spring,
Pretty snow-drop, hail!

With thee, modest trembler, bring
Summer's balmy gale.

Com'st to tell us Winter's fled?
Bright informer, hail!

Welcome guest, why hang thy head,
Why thy cheek so pale?

Dost thou droop thy head in wo,
Poor glory of an hour?

Since not the Summer's heat shall glow
For thee, thou short-liv'd flow'r

Thou art only come, alas!

To tell us spring is near;
Like a fleeting shade to pass,
Droop, and disappear.

Thus some son of Virtue may,
Tread his bright career,
Guide by mild Religion's ray,
Erring Mortals here:

Ere his Winter toils are done,
Or Summer hopes arise,
Sinks he, youth and vigour gone,
Points to heav'n—and dies.—HELEN.

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